

# THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }  
VOL. I. }

No. 3730 January 1, 1916

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VOL. CCLXXXVIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## TO ITALY

## I.

As once you strove for Freedom now  
 you strive  
 For righteousness, for judgment, and  
 the high  
 Pure purposes of outraged liberty.  
 Nations have souls which soar and are  
 alive  
 With passionate hope which brooks nor  
 scorn nor gyve:  
 But Empires, too, can fall and fail and  
 die  
 As she has failed who scorned humanity,  
 Yea thrust Christ forth, out from her  
 busy hive.

You had to choose 'twixt liberty and  
 guilt;  
 There is no halfway house for human  
 kind  
 If human kind is still to breathe God's  
 air.  
 And so you placed your lips upon the  
 hilt  
 Of Freedom's sword, devoted soul with  
 mind  
 To this great task which frees sad Eu-  
 rope from despair.

## II.

Hence we who loved and love you, Italy,  
 Thrice-radiant daughter of Imperial  
 Rome,  
 Inheritress of hope, across the foam  
 That folds our Western isles once kin  
 with thee,  
 Send winged words of greeting. Thou  
 art free,  
 Sun-smitten the cloud that hid the soar-  
 ing dome  
 Of Liberty, thy Palace and thy Home.  
 We who are free greet thee from sea  
 to sea.

What foes are in the field that now shall  
 stand,  
 What doubters now who shall not turn  
 to faith?  
 Black night is melting fast. There is  
 no land  
 That will not greet the dawn and draw  
 new breath.

Twilight at last is twilight of the morn:  
 They who were slaves so long will be  
 as men new born.

## III.

Mazzini, Garibaldi, great Cavour  
 Watch now and greet you from their  
 timeless place  
 Whence they behold the growth of your  
 great race  
 Which so they knit that long it should  
 endure  
 Spectators of eternity whose pure,  
 Untarnished brows recall their ancient  
 grace,  
 Behold them once again and in them  
 trace  
 The soul of freedom, splendid, patient,  
 sure!

Clear bugles of the dawn ring through  
 the night;  
 North through the plains of Lombardy  
 they thrill,  
 Alp after Alp the echoing sound takes  
 up.  
 Hell cannot reign for ever: light and  
 right  
 Shall rid the central races from the ill  
 That makes them slaves, shall give  
 them Freedom's broadening hope.

*J. E. G. de Montmorency.*

*The Contemporary Review*

## FLANDERS 1915

The men go out to Flanders  
 As to a promised land;  
 The men come back from Flanders  
 With eyes that understand.

They've drunk their fill of blood and  
 wrath,  
 Of sleeplessness and pain,  
 Yet silently to Flanders  
 They hasten back again.

In the Low-lands of Flanders  
 A patient watch they keep;  
 The living and the dead watch there  
 Whilst we are sound asleep.

*Margaret Sackville.*

*The Outlook*

# THE WAR AND THE POETS\*

Tennyson handsomely excused the poet in war time. But indeed the most harshly practical mind would scarcely need to excuse "the song that nerves a nation's heart." It would not be unreasonable, however, before that line of argument was admitted, to ask to be shown such a song. Actually to "nerve a nation's heart" must always be a quite extraordinary accomplishment for poetry. When the present war began it was expected, among other wonders, that a great outburst of patriotic poetry would accompany it. We certainly had the outburst; but history will scarcely find that the English temper owed much to the verses which the newspapers lavished on us. It was not altogether the fault of the verses. As the first bewilderment—a state not favorable to poetic influence—passed off, there followed a mood which did not at all require poetic influence; the tragic gravity of the time was sufficient in itself. What Mr. Kipling said, with his trenchant symbolism:

There is nothing left today

But steel and fire and stone,

the nation already knew to be mere truth; and, in its heightened sense of itself, had already felt the thrill of his conclusion:

Who stands if freedom fall?

Who dies if England live?

\*1. *The Chiffs. The Clouds.* By Charles M. Doughy. London: Duckworth, 1909, 1912.

2. *Singsongs of the War.* By Maurice Hewlett. London: Poetry Bookshop, 1914.

3. *War Harvest.* 1914. By Arthur K. Sabin. East Sheen: Temple Sheen Press, 1914.

4. *Philip the King and other Poems.* By John Masefield. London: Heinemann, 1914.

5. *Battle.* By Wilfrid W. Gibson. London: Elkin Mathews, 1915.

6. *Swords and Ploughshares.* By John Drinkwater. London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1915.

7. *1914 and other Poems.* By Rupert Brooke. London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1915, And other works.

Mr. Kipling had once more spoken for his country. The gain was not encouragement, but expression. Thus it turned out that the very state of things which at first seemed likely to realize the ideal of Tennyson's phrase, made that realization unnecessary. It seems to have been otherwise in Germany. There a nation, in a state not far off mesmerism, found itself profoundly responding, like an hypnotic patient, to extravagant and ignoble suggestion, to Herr Lissauer's fiery rhapsody—a hymn which we may easily allow to be perhaps as good as poetry essentially insane can be. But indeed the occurrence in war-time of the electrifying song, the song that nerves a nation's heart, always depends, probably, less on the quality of the poetry than on the momentary psychology of the nation. If the nation needs electrifying, it will certainly find the song to do it; a sort of communal whimsy will decide on it. And it will probably not be a very good song; "Lillibullero," which is said to have been remarkably electrifying, may perhaps stand as typical. "Tipperary" is about level with "Lillibullero," but is hardly a case in point, as its warlike significance is entirely accidental; it came from the ruck of music-hall sentimentality, and had but the vaguest suitability in rhythm and feeling—the irresistible word Tipperary is doubtless the real secret of its success.

In short, this greatest of wars has not revealed to us any really Tyrtæan singer; and even Signor D'Annunzio, who evidently did wonders in Italy, found prose eloquence more to his purpose than poetry. No doubt we have had poems which accomplished some-

thing less than wholesale encouragement; and a poem which improves understanding or determination in the smallest fraction of the nation is not to be despised. But there is no reason why war-poetry, any more than other poetry, should be required to perform a specific function like encouragement; it may very well be merely expression. Patriotic poetry is, of course, a form of expression; it is expression polarized, so to speak, by a pre-determined purpose of morality; in fact, it is a kind—the highest kind—of didactic poetry. But it is convenient for criticism, and the intention is sufficiently clear, if we assume a distinction between patriotic poetry and poetry which merely expresses the fact of the war in one of its aspects.

There is something very valuable in the latter sort of poetry. Poetic expression implies not merely intense apprehension of a thing; it implies also an apprehension which is by its very nature measured and firmly outlined. Limit and order and coherence are from the first the essential qualities of the thought which, by flowering into appropriate outward shape, becomes poetry. And precisely here is the value in poetic expression of the events and emotions that fill such a time as this. It is terribly likely that these events and emotions, when we are most conscious of them, are least submissive to mental control. Certainly it is most necessary that they should have power over our thoughts; but it is most necessary, too, that they should not abuse their power, by refusing their proper limits in thought, by throwing thought into disorder and incoherence. And, when poetry expresses them to us, they come to us not only in an intense realization; it is a realization that is by its very nature, orderly and coherent;

the essential manner of the realization is shapely and continent and strictly outlined.

There has been an obvious assumption underlying this preface; namely, that poetry, to be worth discussion at all, must be good poetry. Our brief apologetics for war-poetry would not apply to a very considerable proportion of what has been printed as such. It would, indeed, be a futile industry to review the whole mass of versification for which the war has been responsible. Perhaps some German will do that for us when the war is well over, and deduce from it something wonderful and comprehensive. Here, however, the intention is only to review as much of the English war-poetry as seems likely to survive the tumult of its origin, with some slight mention of a few eminent failures. The review will not pretend to be exhaustive of our poetic successes; in sifting such an accumulation of verses, some successes may have been forgotten, and there may be some concealed. And among the compositions which are here ignored, there are certainly some which are not merely excusable, but laudable, in their spirit; it is only as poetry that they will not do. Mr. Harold Begbie's energetic recruiting verses, for instance, very well served their immediate purpose; and having done that, there they end. Some exceptionally indefatigable historian may read them in the future; but it will hardly be in the cause of literary history. It is on what promises to be the concern of literary history that we are now employed.

It will be for the convenience of this review if we adopt the rough distinction already described. There is, first, the decisively patriotic poetry—poetry which directly stimulates patriotism, or which celebrates, by occasion of the



war, the idea of England, its claims and its glories; and secondly there is poetry which is content merely to express the fact of the war in one of its innumerable aspects. Anyone who has had the industry to read at all extensively in our war-poetry must have soon come to the conclusion that a certain measure of success is more easily obtained in the second than in the first of these two classes. A good deal of the merely expressive verse has been on a quite respectable level of accomplishment; though not much has gone beyond this. On the other hand there has been little patriotic poetry that has not been mere mouthing or sentimentality; but, when it has been successful, it has been of far more conspicuous artistic merit than the other kind. After all, when war-poetry is the business in hand, the frankly patriotic poet is only taking the line of least resistance, or at any rate the line along which natural passion flows strongest. He who takes advantage of that current will, with good steering, have a greater course than he who keeps in slack water; but there the steering is easier. It is as risky for a poet as for a boatman, to venture into an especially vehement rush of his element; whether it be passion or water, to yield one's direction to it may always become to abandon oneself to it.

But before reviewing in some detail the English poetry prompted by the war, the odd fact should be mentioned that the most complete and, until Rupert Brooke's sonnets appeared, the most remarkable translation into poetry of the war's horror and splendor, was made some years before the war started. Mr. Charles M. Doughty published "The Cliffs" in 1909 and "The Clouds" in 1912. These poems were not warnings of the probability

of war with Germany; they were impassioned prophetic realizations of the war that was, in Mr. Doughty's mind, as certain to come as the seasons themselves. They were laughed at; the present writer gladly takes this opportunity of confessing himself ashamed at having joined in the laughter. But literary history, surely, has nothing stranger than the fulfillment of Mr. Doughty's extraordinary prophetic dramas; what should we think if the "Persæ" turned out to be composed as an anticipation of Salamis? Mr. Doughty, to be sure, was out in some of his prophecy. His war, for instance, in both books is a German invasion of England; but then *our* war is not yet done; he may prove more right in this matter than we care to think. Certainly he has proved entirely right in another matter, where most of his readers must have thought him entirely wrong. We can see now that a very little knowledge of history, from Waterloo down to the Boxer Expedition and the Herrero rebellion, ought to have prepared us for Prussian "frightfulness"; but, when "The Cliffs" and "The Clouds" were first published, Mr. Doughty's clear-sighted pictures of German war-policy were mostly considered a decidedly malicious eccentricity. Similarly, few would have agreed with his version of modern German psychology, of which "frightfulness" is only a very partial expression; but Mr. Doughty in 1909 and 1912, saw through all the genial appearances to the exact formidable truth. In one respect, however, his prophecy was very fortunately wrong. The politicians have not done near so badly as he expected; the populace of London has not found it necessary to hang them on the lamp-posts. But he foresaw the unification into a single purpose of all the jarring elements of

English life, which is, at last, beginning to come about; and he made his Germans realize what this would mean:

Were their sands  
Knit by some frost to granite, they in  
War  
Should be invincible.

The Germans, let us hope, will some time perceive the truth of that.

But the main thing is that, apart from detail, these dramas are, in essential fact and essential feeling, a profoundly truthful rendering of the war as it has actually come to pass. If any one wishes to uphold the poet as *vates*, let him refer to these dramas, composed in piping times of peace. Mr. Doughty projected himself into what he so certainly foresaw, and reacted to the things he found in his speculation as deeply and as vividly as the most sensitive and clairvoyant spirit can react to the reality that has come upon us; and it was speculation in the sense of vision, not of fantasy. And not merely the vision which could describe aerial and submarine warfare, but the far more subtle vision which could see, in 1909, just what it would be like to be alive in England in 1915. No one can read these dramas of yesterday without feeling himself immersed in the truth of today—the horror of Germanized warfare, with its punitive burnings and slaughters and deliberately wanton destruction, brooding over all; the prodigious ends Germany has set herself to reach, and the colossal, heartrending necessity for civilization to immolate itself to prevent those ends; the revivifying of English spirit, and, above all, the tragically kindled consciousness of what England is and means.

The *sense of England*, when all is said, is the burning thing in these two dramas; the sense of England, incandescent as only war-time can make it, which glows, for instance, through all the magnificent monologue of the old shepherd-patriot with which "The Cliffs" opens, or which brightens into most exquisite flame in the "Valley of the Dove" section of "The Clouds." Why did these dramas so fail of their effect when they were published? Partly, no doubt, because we did not, fast in our pacific prejudices as we were, at all want to be affected by them; but partly also, surely, because even now, when they have so strangely justified themselves as prophecies, they have not justified the terrible things they do to the English language. For all their noble sense of England, they are not happy reading to any one who respects the genius of England's tongue. But that is an old quarrel with Mr. Doughty. The man who can write "Become is occupied England" is, out of doubt, incorrigible, the marvelously modulated vitality of English, for which, through centuries of obscure adjustment, of tireless empiric experiment with niceties of order and syntax, our speech has gradually and beautifully organized itself—all this means just nothing at all to Mr. Doughty. But let us be grateful for what he has given us. We must, it seems, simply accept as different expressions of the same intellectual oddity, his belief that the English language must be massacred in order to achieve poetry, and equally his belief that English politicians must be similarly entertained in order to get the nation's business done.

Turning now to the voluble versification for which the war is immediately responsible, it must be confessed that we are faced with a state of affairs to

make the hardest critic blanch a little. If we leave out for the present the poems which are specifically pointed to be the goads of patriotism, and confine ourselves to those which merely express some aspect of the war, and if of those we drop out the obviously futile and frivolous and ignoble (there is not so much of this as we might suppose), we find ourselves faced by a quite prodigious welter of tolerable mediocrity. The mind, after wading any considerable way through this, becomes rather stupefied and negligent, a trifle sceptical of its own powers of discrimination. Fortunately we soon meet with one decided encouragement; there is one poet who stands out in this tract in a manner that is not to be mistaken. Mr. Wilfred Gibson's "Battle" poems are not only in intention the exact type of this kind of poetry, but they carry the intention into a decidedly conspicuous success. They are extremely objective; a series of short dramatic lyrics, written with the simplicity and directness which Mr. Gibson chiefly studies in his exceptional art expressing, without any implied comment, but with profoundly implied emotion, the feelings, thoughts, sensations of soldiers in the midst of the actual experiences of modern warfare. The emotion they imply is not patriotic, but simply and broadly human; this is what war means, we feel; these exquisite bodies insulted by agony and death, these incalculable spirits devastated. What all this destruction is for, is taken for granted. Modern warfare is not beautiful, and Mr. Gibson does not try to gloss it in the usual way, by underlining the heroism and endurance it evokes. All that is simply assumed in these poems, just as the common soldier himself assumes it. An almost appalling heroism is un-  
emphatically revealed in them as the

fundamental fact of usual human nature. This is the ground-bass; and above its constancy plays the ever-varying truth of what fighting means to some individual piece of human nature. The poems are moments isolated and fixed, out of the infinite changing flux of human reaction to the terrible galvanism of war. But that thrilling galvanism does not alter human kind; and sometimes Mr. Gibson forces us to realize the vast unreason of war by bringing into withering contact with its current a mind still preoccupied with the habits of peace. It may be a soldier drowsing, and seeing in a sudden clear-colored picture

Black lambs that frolic in the snow  
Among the daffodils,  
In a far orchard that I know  
Beneath the Malvern hills;

or it may be soldiers betting on football teams at home; or the man who kept telling his company the wonders

His little son  
Had said and done;  
Till, as he told  
The fiftieth time  
Without a change  
How three-year-old  
Prattled a rhyme,  
They got the range  
And cut him short.

Or dawn comes on one in the trenches  
—"such a morning for cubbing!" Or it  
may be something as convincingly  
incongruous as this:

I quite forgot to put the spigot in.  
It's just come over me. . . . And it  
is queer  
To think he'll not care if we lose or win  
And yet be jumping mad about that  
beer.

I left it running full. He must have said  
 A thing or two. I'd give my stripes  
 to hear  
 What he will say if I'm reported dead  
 Before he gets me told about that  
 beer!

But Mr. Gibson gives us more terrible  
 and more memorable glimpses than  
 these—of the lives through which the  
 torturing galvanism of war has passed  
 and left them living. There is the  
 man who seems to have come out of  
 hallucination, haunted by the terror  
 that what he has "done and seen" there  
 may, after all, be real. And it would  
 be hard to imagine words creating such  
 dreadful, unforgettable effect with so  
 little effort as in "His Mate":

"Hi-diddle-diddle  
 The cat and the fiddle." . . .

I raised my head,  
 And saw him seated on a heap of dead,  
 Yelling the nursery-tune,  
 Grimacing at the moon. . . .

"And the cow jumped over the moon.  
 The little dog laughed to see such sport  
 And the dish ran away with the spoon."

And, as he stopt to snigger,  
 I struggled to my knees and pulled the  
 trigger.

Against this horror we may put this  
 strange and beautiful poem—beautiful  
 with the inevitable ease we call  
 magical—in which the delirium of  
 a wounded soldier becomes a vision  
 of himself, blissfully uninjured, lying  
 naked in the sunshine after bathing,  
 tingling with the salt and so drenched  
 with the golden radiance that his  
 flesh seems turning "to lucent amber  
 in a world of blue."

This particular view of poetic realism  
 has not tempted many to explore

it. Indeed Mr. Gibson is perhaps the  
 only one of our poets who had ready in  
 his hands the technique which could  
 make any adequate work of it. The  
 few who have attempted to follow Mr.  
 Gibson have usually tried to lighten the  
 business with some slight whimsy or  
 comedy. Mr. J. A. Nicklin, in a pamphlet  
 of dramatic lyrics called "And they went to the War,"—"characters"  
 of the new armies—has some good  
 verses of this kind. There is a touch  
 of humorous truth here ("The City  
 Clerk"):

When the air with hurtling shapnel's  
 all a-quiver  
 And the smoke of battle through the  
 valley swirls,  
 It's better than our Sundays up the  
 river,  
 And the rifle's hug is closer than a  
 girl's.

Here, too, is an act of a comedy that  
 must have been repeated pretty often  
 in the new armies:

#### THE POACHER.

In Codsall Wood no snares are laid,  
 Its coverts I have bid farewell,  
 Nor sneak through moonlight-dappled  
 shade  
 In the old chase of Boscobel.

Last Fall I knocked the keeper out,  
 And did six months in Shrewsbury  
 jail;  
 Today I order him about;  
 I've got my stripe; that turned him  
 pale.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, too, has effectively  
 used whimsy, though in a more generalized  
 form, in some of his ballads ("Singsongs of the War"); especially  
 in "Brave words from Kiel," where the  
 typical sailor answers the

Teuton brag just as you would think an English sailor would answer it. Some of his whimsy has a fiercer note than this; but Mr. Hewlett's more serious ballads are the best. "Tye Street" is a fine, tragic, all-too-appropriate version of "The girl I left behind me"; and there is the right ballad tune in "Soldier, soldier," a simple, hearty, skillful thing, as these two verses may show:

"Soldier, soldier, whatever shall I do  
If the cruel Germans take my sweet-  
heart O?  
They'll pen him in the jail  
And starve him thin and pale,  
With never a kind word from his sweet-  
heart O?"

"Fair maid of London, is that all you  
see  
Of the lad you've taken for your sweet-  
heart O?  
He'll make his prison ring  
With his God save the King,  
And his God bless the blue eyes of my  
sweetheart O!"

Whimsy is a very natural safety-valve for such emotions as this war provokes; and of all the whimsical expressions of the European tragedy we like best Mr. Walter de la Mare's "True Blue Broadside of '14." It is a fine piece of style, let alone the keenness of its matter; it has a taking easy rhythm, and conventionalizes common speech as only a delicate mastery of words can do:

"And what's the news, Mr. Sergeant,  
what news, my soldier-man?"  
"We're away and a-ship to Bel-gi-um  
as softly as ship can;  
The Kaiser and his Lords of War have  
shook a mailed fist,

And a hundred thousand Englishmen  
are off to keep the tryst.

"The Kaiser he's a gentleman, and eager  
for to dance

Across the floor of half the world from  
Petersburg to France;

'In gay Paree, we'll sup,' says he, 'so,  
Moltke, call the page,

His name is little Bel-gi-um, and my  
pumps are in Liege."

Expression of the war as we feel it here in the quiet of England has been, on the whole, the usual task of our versifiers; and a few of them, at this work, have proved themselves poets, if only momentarily. There must be many who can recognize the complex of emotions in Mr. Arthur K. Sabin's dignified, moving sonnet "Harvest moon at midnight," which is dated September 1914:

The Harvest Moon swings clear above  
the trees,

Which stand with ragged outlines, grey  
and still:

Her glory floods the glimmering land-  
scape till

Night's ways grow tremulous with mys-  
teries.

There is no sound of any whispering  
breeze:

All's silent. I, upon a little hill,  
Watch the suffusing vapors move and  
fill

The valleys, while they slumber on in  
peace.

Ah, underneath this Moon, in fields of  
France,

How many of our old companionship  
Snatch hurried rest, with hearts that  
burn and glow,

Longing to hear the bugles sound *Ad-  
vance*,

To seize their weapons with unfaltering  
grip,



And for old England strike another  
blow!

Mr. John Drinkwater comes off well in this portion of our review; his patriotic poetry is a little overloaded, but he has been more successful than most of our poets in expressing the rest of the graver emotions of wartime. To instance only one of his poems—his imagination has struck the right symbol for the mood which, to some such supernal spectator as one of Mr. Hardy's Chorus of the Pitied, would seem to characterize the England of today:

On seas where every pilot fails  
A thousand thousand ships today  
Ride with a moaning in their sails,  
Through winds grey and waters grey.

They are the ships of grief. They go  
As fleets are derelict and driven,  
Estranged from every port they know,  
Scarce asking fortitude of heaven.

No, do not hail them. Let them ride  
Lonely as they would lonely be. . . .  
There is an hour will prove the tide,  
There is a sun will strike the sea.

Not much remains worth noting of the multitudinous attempts to give poetic outline to the spiritual and mental life of England these days. Mr. Binyon had some grave verses on the sad part which war assigns to women; but it would hardly be to these or to his other war verses that one would recommend a reader to turn in order to appreciate Mr. Binyon's fine talent. One curious piece of confidence with which we entered on the war, a confidence rather less flourishing nowadays—the belief that this was to be the Final War—engaged the attention of several poets, as it well might. Mr.

William Watson's verses, in spite of their set formality, their rather worn solemnity, are perhaps the only relic of this confidence not destined to immediate decay. Mr. R. E. Vernede, the only new name which our poetic "war-rage" has brought forward, well expressed another of the emotions which moved us at the beginning of the war—our bewilderment that an apparently kindly people like the Germans should be so studiously vile as conquerors:

In that green land behind you  
The happy homesteads stand  
Peaceful as when you left them  
To spoil a little land;  
And still your busy housewives  
Sit knitting unafraid,  
And still your children play as once  
The Flemish children played.

Leaving the poetry which merely expresses the war for that which is specifically a declaration of patriotism, we pass over a tract which lies between. This is battle-poetry, poetry of the class of Drayton's "Agincourt," and Tennyson's "Revenge," and Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic." Such poetry is very seldom contemporary; indeed, the imaginative excitement of a battle-subject, intensified by the deliberate intention to arouse patriotic ardor, must especially require prolonged digestion; and probably the best will be made of it only when it has been pre-digested by tradition. Certainly, the battle-poetry we have had during this war has been crude and worthless—very imperfectly digested. Mr. William Watson may give us something considerable when the war is over; but at present his most conspicuous effort in this direction is "The Battle of the Bight," which attained the wrong kind of sublimity when "each rejoicing gun"

Opened its mouth outright  
And bit them in the Bight.

That is one of the things we must try to forget; but it is not very forgettable. We have had two poetic war-plays, too, which join on here: Mr. Alfred Noyes's "Rada" and Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Armageddon." But these also we must try to forget. And we shall not mention any of the poetry of invective, though in a census of war-poems it would make an important class. There is an ignoble variety of everything. The poetry of invective is the ignoble variety of patriotic poetry.

Most people know the story of the flag-wagger in Mr. Kipling's "Stalky and Co.," and will remember how an injudicious display of the Union Jack caused a devastating sense of shame. Patriotic emotion, in fact, is most powerful when it is most reticent—in England, at any rate. And it is most easily approached under some flag or other; it is a wayward thing to appeal to directly. The business of patriotic poetry is, one may say, to fit patriotism in to some particular occasion. Even in these days, when patriotism is ready to give some response in everybody's mind, verses only spoil it unless they particularize it. But of course there is every temptation, fortunately, to particularize it nowadays; for not much is needed—just enough to fix it out of the windy vague of generality. Any realization of the characteristic nature and needs of this war would be enough for that. We have poets who are well practised in the rituals prescribed for patriotic poetry. Perhaps they were too well practised. Sir Henry Newbolt's and Mr. Kipling's verses, at least, are not among those which we can confidently suppose will survive this hurlyburly. Yet they are certainly, in the best sense, *ad hoc*; they are not windy, they do particularize.

It is possible that neither poet found a sufficiently tonic difficulty in his task; and it is dangerous for patriotic poetry to be too "slick," as painters say. There are excellent lines in Sir Henry Newbolt's "The Vigil"; but the poem as a whole is ineffective compared with the craftily constructed "Drake's drum." Mr. Kipling's "For all we have and are" has been already mentioned; here, too, there are excellent lines, but the poem of Mr. Kipling's which most moves us in connection with the war is the nobly elaborate address to France which he wrote in the years of peace. If there is anything to be learned from these two cases, it would be that, for poetry to be effectively patriotic, the patriotic motive is not enough; it must coexist with a purely artistic motive. Drake's love of England could not so move us if it were not combined with the purely artistic use of his drum. Mr. Kipling's lines were written quite as much to forge a superb chain of imagery as to praise France. But now "The Vigil" and "For all we have and are" both seem to have been written because there was a clear call for patriotic poetry; and these two poets knew the knack of it. A purely artistic motive for writing was not present; and the patriotic motive, for all its sincerity and force, has its effect thereby conspicuously impaired.

All this is no more than to say, that even so potent a thing as patriotism must, like everything else, not so much inspire poetry, as itself turn into the nature of poetry, before it can be successfully explicit in poetic form. The patriotic impulse must change its original quality, and translate itself into terms of poetic impulse—into a desire to create certain definite rhythms and images and so on. The urgency of patriotism is so strong that the poet is apt to forget this, and to let his motive speak while it is still its original self.

Anything else seems chilling; whereas it is when this is ignored that patriotism becomes chilled in poetry. This was forgotten even by such a master of poetics as Mr. Bridges, whose "Wake Up, England" had little but its sincerity and punctuality to recommend it. It is scarcely surprising, then, that three fine patriotic poems are as many as we can collect out of the mass of the war's versified utterance. Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Ghosts at Boulogne" rises clearly above the average; an effective sonnet celebrating love of England and friendship with France together, in the figure of a dreamer who saw certain "war-gaunt shadows" watch the English troops land on "the welcoming fields of France":

Saw Churchill's smile, and Wellington's  
curt nod,  
Saw Harry with his Crispins, Chandos'  
lance,  
And the Edwards on whose breasts the  
leopards dance:  
Then heard a gust of ghostly thanks to  
God  
That the most famous quarrel of all  
time  
In the most famous friendship ends at  
last.

But this is scarcely on a level with the other three. They are Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers," Mr. John Masefield's "August, 1914," and Rupert Brooke's '1914.'

Mr. Hardy's poem differs markedly from the other two. Of the kind of patriotic expression which takes the form of a marching song as naturally as love goes into a *canzone a ballo*, this poem is as good a specimen, as strong, as hearty, as self-controlled, as any that can be found in our literature. To the reader who has in mind the grandest of all recent English compositions, "The Dynasts," this "Song of the Sol-

diers'" must come as a sort of small finial, or, should we say, as a rider, to that magnificent structure of tragic imagination:

What of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn-cocks say  
Night is growing gray,

To hazards whence no tears can win us;  
What of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away?

\* \* \* \*

In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just,  
And that braggarts must  
Surely bite the dust,  
Press we to the field ungrieving.  
In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just.

The ringing formality of that, its persistent pattern, is very much in Mr. Hardy's best and most characteristic manner; and it has what his verse has not always, the incalculable quality of fine poetry. In rhythm and thought and language it answers superbly to the loftiest confidence we can have; and at the same time has the plain downright vigor of patriotism the most elemental and unanalyzing. But what is specially interesting is, that the second of the verses we quote seems to contradict directly the stark sceptical conclusion of "The Dynasts," a work, and so a conclusion, to which the whole of Mr. Hardy's other work leads up. After all, it was only natural that Mr. Hardy, whose genius derives so deeply from the spirit of England, should have added, on the occasion of our war, this particular rider of "faith and fire" to the more general verdict of his profound scepticism.

The rarest kind of patriotic poetry is that which distills, out of turbulent and even agonized emotion, the serene quintessence of patriotism; it captures into

the form of art the unperturbed, presiding spirit of our race, the steadily impassioned *sense of England*. We all know this spirit; but we look to the poets to make it clear to us, to bring it, irresistibly beautiful, so close as to be with us like "the affable Archangel" with Adam, "as with his friend, familiar used to sit indulgent." But the poet who is to do this for us must, as we have said, possess his inspiration not merely as an exceptional intensification of patriotic feeling, but very decidedly also as a strictly artistic impulse; and it is an emotion so vehement that it does not easily give implicit obedience to the spirit of art. But to the small list of poets who have managed to combine good patriotism with good poetry, this war will add the names of two others; and one of them, Rupert Brooke, will stand as high perhaps as any name in that restricted class.

When we first found ourselves at war, few can have failed to contrast this prodigious fact with the quiet and exceptional beauty of the season. The beauty of English landscape must always be a chief stimulus to the spiritual and, so to speak, supersensuous sense of England which is the essential patriotism. Nature so had it that, in August of 1914, this stimulus came with unusual force into the confused feelings of those first weeks of wartime. These feelings, not disguising their deep anxiety, their sad realization of all the waste and pain to come, but penetrated, as by a shaft of keenest light, by the physical beauty of England carrying with it that spiritual sense of England which must once more express itself in a national war—this, roughly, is the subject of Mr. Masfield's fine poem, "August 1914." It begins with a gradual evocation of the exquisite peace of an English summer evening; but not merely as the landscape of a

picture, rather as the beloved condition of Englishmen's lives—Englishmen who must now willingly determine to lose their lives:

These homes, this valley spread below  
me here,  
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the  
beasts in pen,  
Have been the heartfelt things, past-  
speaking dear  
To unknown generations of dead men,  
Who, century after century, held these  
farms,  
And, looking out to watch the chang-  
ing sky,  
Heard, as we hear, the rumors and  
alarms  
Of war at hand and danger pressing  
nigh.  
And knew, as we know, that the mes-  
sage meant  
The breaking off of ties, the loss of  
friends,  
Death, like a miser getting in his rent,  
And no new stones laid where the  
trackway ends.  
And so, sadly and voluntarily, they  
left every good thing their life held,  
were shipped far away from England,  
endured the miseries of foreign warfare,  
And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign  
lands  
For some idea but dimly understood  
Of an English city never built by hands  
Which love of England prompted and  
made good.

The spirit of these forgotten English peasant soldiers—"All the unspoken worship of those lives"—is the spirit of England, the spirit that is pressing down to reinterpret itself in our lives today; not, so Mr. Masfield feels it, bragging or arrogant or light-heartedly

warlike, but knowing well enough that peace is better than war if peace is permitted—if not, then summoning all the quiet profound passion concealed in the idea of England to make its war effective,

This is patriotism in elegiac mood. It is a noble poem, of assured vitality; the impassioned sense of England is not less but more impressive for the solemnity of the surrounding emotions. But it is in the nature of things that poetry of triumphant mood, like Rupert Brooke's sonnets, should take our minds on a more thrilling flight than the noblest elegiacs. Other things being equal (and perhaps they are not quite equal; Rupert Brooke's technique is cleaner and harder and more alert than Mr. Masfield's), the radiant exaltation of "1914" must be more to us than the sober passion of "August 1914." But it will do no good to compare the two poems; they have only this in common, that they both add something to the poetry of English patriotism.

The five sonnets, together called "1914," make a single poem; it encloses in firm and exquisitely modulated form the emotions of one who, at the first call, instantly gave up everything to fight for England, with the clear expectation that that would mean to die for England. There is no regret here. The poet exults to welcome, as the highest imaginable privilege, the chance of dying for his country. It is as if his life had leapt into a new element, brighter and finer and nearer to spirit:

Oh! we, who have known shame, we  
    have found release there,  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but  
    sleep has mending,  
Naught broken save this body, lost  
    but breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's  
    long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending;

And the worst friend and enemy is  
    but Death.

And in the clairvoyance of this privileged state—the state of being allowed to offer himself absolutely to his country—he attains to, and expresses in words that seem to shine, such a perfect sense of immortal England as has seldom indeed found utterance in our poetry. Patriotic poetry, in fact, could not go higher than in these sonnets. Rupert Brooke had a decided advantage over other patriotic poets; when he celebrated the faultless beauty of sacrificing oneself for England, they were his own immediate emotions that he expressed. He knew that beauty of self-sacrifice not by any effort of imagination, but simply because it was the thing that entirely governed his life from the beginning of the war. And in five sonnets he set forth the whole of it, with a beauty of music and imagery perfectly answering to the spiritual beauty. Between the opening of the first sonnet—

Now God be thanked Who has  
    matched us with His hour,—

and the last line of the fifth—

In hearts at peace, under an English  
    heaven—

the whole splendor and tenderness of English patriotism lies, set forth with the assurance of an intensely personal experience; the joy that he may give this sacrifice for England, the serene sense of immortal England accepting it. After the cry of exultation in the first sonnet comes, in the second, an expression of mystical safety in fighting for England; there is no other safety comparable with this:

Safe though all safety's lost; safe where  
    men fall;

And if these poor limbs die, safest of  
    all.



The third sonnet realizes what the dead have given us who gave their everything to England:

gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhop-  
ed serene,  
That men call age; and those who  
would have been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immor-  
tality.

They gave us honor and nobleness and love, to use for England's sake; but what of the dead themselves? The extraordinarily beautiful fourth sonnet answers that; death is perceived in it as a sort of ecstasy, the final beauty crowning and perfecting all the myriad beauties of life:

There are waters blown by changing  
winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And  
after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves  
that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a  
white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the  
night.

And the fifth sonnet is the conclusion of the whole matter. It is already well known; it will be one of the most famous sonnets in the language. It is the quintessence of "the thoughts by England given"; such a perfect passion

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for England has perhaps never been so completely uttered in so few lines. So the whole tragically exultant sequence ends, in English peace—in the death of a noble Englishman. Rupert Brooke lies buried under the olives of Skyros. His spirit is part of the light which is England.

Those who think that a great war automatically produces great poetry may be disappointed at our poetic output. But it is not a very reasonable disappointment. It is quite true that the enormous majority of our war-poems have been very bad. Why not? They served their turn, their momentary turn; they need do no more. Poetry does not come about automatically; it is the most unlikely thing in the world, that a great war should be simultaneously celebrated in great poetry. How many of the famous poems about war have been concerned with contemporary war? How many great poets have not lived through famous wars and so far as their art was concerned, ignored them? We have, however—to make a final selection—verses from Mr. Gibson, Mr. Masfield, and Mr. Hardy, which are certainly immediate poetic commentary on the war as good as we would reasonably look for. And with Rupert Brooke's sonnets, we may say that no other war in our whole history has been instantly transmuted into poetry of purer gold.

*Lascelles Abercrombie.*

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## THE NATIONAL TEMPER AND THE PRESS

We have heard a good deal of late as to the attitude and tone best befitting newspapers in time of war; and the problem is far from easy. One source of difficulty lies in the widely different

classes of persons who read the newspapers. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. To take a single obvious instance. When there are signs of apathy among Englishmen it may

seem beneficial at the moment to strike a pessimistic note in order to administer a wholesome shock. Yet the newspaper writer who has this desirable end in mind may convey to foreign readers—both friendly and hostile—the impression of a nation in a panic, and this may have very unfortunate results. Again, articles designed to shock the apathetic by a touch of exaggeration may actually create a panic among those who do not detect and allow for this commendable motive in the writer.

On the whole we cannot but think that the best rule is that the newspapers should in statements of fact be scrupulously exact and should in their tone represent truly the national temper. There is a good deal to be proud of in John Bull's character and temper. He has little imagination; he indulges in a certain quiet boasting, and is as certain that one Englishman could beat four Germans as he was in 1815 that he could beat four Frenchmen. But he is not at all disposed to ignore in practice the difficulties he has to overcome. His very lack of imagination is a great safeguard not only against panic but against the approaches of panic in time of trial; and Napoleon's generals complained that he did not know when he was beaten. He is before all things confident and persevering. He is a good fellow and he is thoroughly angry when he is out against a bully or a tyrant. His temper of mind is largely the inherent self-confidence of a strong man; but for the rank and file such an attitude of confidence needs some support in clearly recognized grounds for hope. Therefore to keep before the nation the real grounds for a certain fundamental optimism as to the general prospect is desirable; but it is of the utmost importance to distinguish this from undue optimism as to the details of the daily struggle. This

difference should surely be borne in mind in the newspapers. It is by no means desirable to picture things as going well when they are going ill; there should be no optimistic garbling of facts. So far we may make a concession to the pessimists. But the publication of facts is one thing; the eager dissemination of alarming rumors and disheartening suggestions is another. Sober statement of causes for grave anxiety is one thing; sensational shrieks are a different thing. The publication of rumors, and the habit of shrieking, may be carried so far as to obscure those fundamental reasons for confidence which are the great support of a nation at war. Moreover, pessimistic remarks should have a practical object; they should tend to enlighten and to stimulate and not to confuse and dishearten.

Perhaps this is the sum and substance of the matter—that hysterics, whether optimistic or pessimistic, should be eschewed. The sensationalism which gives effective headlines to newspapers may prove a real danger. No one in the world is less hysterical than John Bull, and the papers which ought to be the mouthpiece of John Bull should not be so false to his character as to indulge in them.

It cannot be said that our newspapers have universally conformed to these principles; indeed in noteworthy cases they have betrayed not the sturdy temper of John Bull but the peculiar inconsistency of querulous and timid natures. Early shrieks of optimism have been succeeded by shrieks of pessimism. Those who boasted at the outset that we were ready for three years of war, and that our great asset was English calmness and fortitude, appeared to lose their heads because after only eleven months victory was not in sight. The result was that they found fault with everybody and everything.

Every success of the enemy was magnified. Our own achievements were belittled. The same want of the confidence befitting a great nation appeared in their treatment of persons. There were shrieks against Lord Haldane. Some of the charges against him were so flimsy that they can hardly be stated coherently at all. There were shrieks against Lord Kitchener, and here it is noteworthy that those who wanted to discredit him as incompetent were just those who had shrieked a little earlier because he was not at once placed at the head of our military operations. He was at first supposed to be not only competent but infallible. When he was found not to be infallible it was inferred at once that he was incompetent. It was said that he had failed to supply enough high explosive shells for our army. There was no evidence to show that he had not acted simply on the report of the best military experts; there was no evidence even that he had withheld these shells after they were asked for by those in command at the front; but there was abundant evidence that before these shrieks began the mistake had been recognized and that everything was being done to put an adequate supply in hand. No possible practical object could be served by virulent attacks on the man to whom the military responsibilities of the campaign had been committed, and who needed before all things the continued confidence of the nation. Then in some quarters there have been shrieks about conscription, and here again the outcry has been of the same unpractical nature. We ourselves are in favor of national service; but it is fairly obvious that if we cannot equip nearly all those who have already enlisted, there is no present urgency as to getting more men to enlist. As Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out in *The Times*

of August 26, the distribution of work for the war is a highly complicated matter and depends on facts of which the hysterical advocates of conscription are blissfully ignorant. A register giving facilities for conscription if it should become necessary was the real desideratum, and that has been given us.

Much is said by these critics of the grievance which the Allies have against us in this matter. If there were even real grounds for a grievance on this head what strange patriotism it is for the Englishman to foul his own nest and to put into the heads of foreigners what might endanger the common cause by breeding dissension! But there are no such grounds whatever. Even if we were one of the invaded nations and our obligations were in every respect equal to theirs, the absence of adequate equipment would prevent the question of conscription from being immediately practical. In point of fact, however, we have voluntarily come forward to assist our neighbors by sending an expeditionary force to defend their territory. We promised them thousands; we are equipping millions. Our action should presumably call for gratitude for our doing so much rather than arouse a sense of grievance for our not doing more. It is an old proverb that you "must not look a gift horse in the mouth." But in this instance scrutiny should increase and not diminish thankfulness for the gift.

What is needed in the rank and file of the nation is an attitude of firm resolve and confidence in our leaders. Our morale should be maintained and the enemy be inspired with respect. The nation as a whole has shown this attitude conspicuously. There has been on the whole a very remarkable spirit of hard work—each man and woman lending a hand—and of courageous confidence. But the Press which should

mirror this attitude for the public at home and abroad has in many cases pictured quite an opposite attitude. It has presented for the public gaze a picture of querulous panic which is a libel on the character of John Bull. The picture has rejoiced our enemies, it has made many of us feel ashamed of the figure we cut in public. The disproportion between the extent of the shriekings and the real facts of the case has at times been so great that the suggestion was inevitable of a nation in a panic. We have a hard task before us which calls for all our courage and common sense; such displays savor on the contrary of timorousness and crankiness.

For this reason numbers of Englishmen read with a keen sense of satisfaction Mr. Balfour's great speech at the London Opera House, in which the attitude of the nation was truly mirrored. Whether in a poet or in a statesman to voice the national mind and character at a moment of crisis is a great deed, and Mr. Balfour has done it.

Mr. Balfour gave in broad outline the indisputable facts on which that confidence so necessary to victory rests—which certain buzzing flies in the Press had obscured by giving gigantic proportion to each unwelcome event in the ever-changing details of the struggle. Mr. Balfour took as the norm of optimism and pessimism the comparison of what has happened, not with momentary sanguine dreams on this or that point, but with the broad probabilities before the war began.

Why then, I ask, do I feel so confident about the issue of this struggle? In the first place if I had been speaking to such an audience as this twelve months ago, what could I have expressed except hopes that the German calculations, notorious throughout the world, were, nevertheless, mistaken? What could I have said to you except that organization is not everything;

that truth and justice will mean something; that the most elaborate system of manufacturing confidence, of manufacturing falsehoods, the manufacturing of great armies admirably equipped—these arts, great as they are, do not necessarily rule the world—and that I had a firm belief in the eternal trend in the direction of justice, of righteousness, and of ultimate peace? That is all I could have said a year ago.

But what can we say now? We can say with confidence that with all their painstaking ability—and there has never been ability more painstaking than that of our enemy—there has been no miscalculation in the war they have not made, except as to the value of munitions and great guns. There they were right more than their opponents. Were they right in anything else? Were they right in their diplomacy? Were they right in their calculation of the force that would be opposed to them? Were they right in their calculations of the results of their first month's struggle? Everything was based, remember, on the immediate knockout blow they were prepared to deal with a relatively unequipped force of an unprepared enemy.

I do not say the calculation was a stupid calculation. I do not say that with a little variation and in certain circumstances it might not have been accomplished. All I say is it was not accomplished. It was not nearly accomplished. On the West front, as on the East front, all the carefully prepared plans, all the prophecies so elaborately worked out by the German General Staff, have one and all completely failed, and without a doubt we may all say this with an absolute conviction of its truth—those who now in protestations, perjured and profaned, assure an incredulous world that they never meant to go to war, had they foreseen how the war would go, would have confined themselves to possessing a more complete control over events than they



now seem to think was possible, and not a man would have been moved, not a single soldier would have been mobilized, not a life would have been lost between the Ural Mountains and the Bay of Biscay. Unfortunately for them, and unfortunately also for the world, they did not foresee. They wholly miscalculated, and they have plunged us and civilization in a war which for its character, for the utter destruction of life and property which it has already produced, and which before it closes it will yet produce, has no parallel in the annals of mankind. That is my first ground for confidence. An enemy which has miscalculated for a year may perhaps miscalculate until the end of the war.

No less impressive than the above was the passage in which Mr. Balfour emphasized the epoch-making character of our decision to join in the struggle—a decision which he boldly and convincingly maintained to have “saved civilization,” for had the German Navy dominated the seas the whole German ideal of world conquest would have been in a fair way to being realized.

Of Mr. Balfour's tributes to English courage—that great asset in the struggle—none was more effective than his words on the splendid spirit shown by our mercantile marine.

One of the miscalculations of our opponents was that by a system of piracy they would not merely destroy but that they would frighten. They have not destroyed as much as they hoped, and they have not frightened at all. But the fact that they have not frightened is not due to any forbearance on their part; it is due to the inherent spirit of gallantry and endurance which makes our mercantile marine go out upon its daily avocations as indifferent to the chances of life and death as if they belonged to one of the great military services of the country.

Mr. Balfour's striking record of what has been actually accomplished hitherto—of the degree in which our performances have surpassed our own promises and the general expectation a year ago, is in the memory of our readers; and we may be sure that much more is yet to come, for as he impressively reminded us “we have not yet shot our bolt.”

There was no hysterical optimism in the speech, no challengeable statement. The strength of the enemy was fully recognized. There was no sanguine forecast of immediate victory. But the speech justified and expressed that underlying confidence which marks the true John Bull, and which should never be absent from public utterances which deal with the war as a whole; for confidence is one of the main conditions of victory.

That confidence also includes a measure of generous trust in our responsible leaders. Constant public criticism of their every action by onlookers in the Press is alien to the fine temper which Mr. Balfour both inculcates and exhibits.

Government by popular discussion is notoriously unsuitable to a time of war. So good a democrat as Mr. Chamberlain once expressed his opinion that a dictatorship is the most suitable government in such crises, but it is not easy to find a single man equal to the position. Much might be said in favor of the government by a few strong men. Obviously it is a case where “too many cooks spoil the broth.” Yet some of the papers have been attempting the absurd task of conducting the war under a leadership of a huge debating society in the Press of which the *personnel* not only does not consist of experts, but is, in spite of conspicuous exceptions, distinctly below the average Englishman in that good sense and practical courage on which so much de-



pend. Such a system is wholly unworkable. Downright blunders among the authorities are preferable to any such machinery for averting them. Imperfect function is better than general paralysis. Better that the machine should work with hitches than that it should not work at all, and that is the result if you paralyze the executive by confusing and largely illogical arguments, or discredit it by virulent criticism.

"Do not speak to the man at the wheel" we are warned. But if you not only speak to him but keep distracting his attention and urging reasons for changing his course, when your own knowledge is simply that of a landsman, it is hard to say whether your action is more ridiculous or more mischievous. In nine cases out of ten the lay critic's suggestions are based on half-knowledge. The long odds are that the first-rate expert—who holds office in virtue of tried reputation—is right, and such a critic is wrong. At all events the expert is pretty sure to be acting on a definite plan, and to hamper him by agitation on behalf of another plan is probably to get neither carried out effectively. It is only when it is clear that important necessities in the actual plan of operations have been overlooked or neglected, and that nothing short of a public outcry will set this right, that such an outcry is warranted, and then it really voices public opinion and the critics will be generally recognized as patriots, and not as wanton pessimists. On the whole, English public opinion is uncommonly sound and sensible—with a keen eye for the practical. It rightly detected a want of practical patriotism in criticisms published not long ago in certain newspapers, and rebuked it by boycotting those papers. The excuse of patriotism can easily be pleaded by the journals themselves

where an irresponsible love of sensational journalism or the indulgence of petty jealousy are really the chief and inspiring motives. Public criticism of the authorities that is hostile in its tone should be the very last resource in wartime. Suggestions can very easily be made through the Press in a form which will not tend to discredit our responsible leaders, whom no one supposes to be infallible. Such suggestions will be welcomed by the authorities if they express the opinion of really competent experts. The point at which really virulent personal criticism is allowable in the Press is the point at which the official criticised is so clearly incompetent that he ought to be superseded; and even then this necessary consummation is better secured if possible by other means than by newspaper outcry, which should be a last resource. As long as an official ought to remain at his post he must have the public confidence. To muzzle the Press would indeed be unfortunate, but adequate reason for doing so is not likely to occur if newspapers show as much practical common-sense and patriotism as the general public has shown.

Again, a constant and exclusive harping on reasons for dissatisfaction with our prospects and our situation is hardly consistent with fortitude. We do not want an optimism that ignores unwelcome facts. But men's imaginations are limited in what they can take in. And if you fill them with reasons—real or imaginary—for despondency, you leave no room for the permanent groundwork of hopeful considerations on which steady work is based. The optimism we call for is that which is necessarily allied with courage and invincible determination. A nation is buoyed up in a long struggle by the indisputable reasons for self-confidence which are to be found in its great na-

tional qualities and its achievements in the past. A certain degree of Jingoism in the nation is parallel to the consciousness of strength in a strong man. The antithesis to this form of optimism is not the recognition of the obstacles to be overcome, and of the means necessary for overcoming them—which is most desirable—but the habit of dwelling almost exclusively on reasons for anxiety, and forming a picture of the situation which is calculated to shake public confidence both in our leaders and in our armies. I do not deny that occasionally a shock may be desirable when the public is inert or apathetic. But such a shock must be proportioned to the need: and should not degenerate into the extravagance of sentimental pessimism. We are all familiar with the man whose impressionable temperament is by turns extravagantly optimistic and extravagantly pessimistic. In private these men amuse us as often as they irritate us. They tend to unlimited boasting at the outset of a struggle, and they talk big of the national power of endurance. But they really count on everything going right. They are enthusiastic about everybody and everything until endurance is really called for. Then they very soon pass from irrational optimism to irrational pessimism. Having themselves entertained quite undue dreams of universal success, when these are not fulfilled they regard the falsification of their own dreams as the falsification of legitimate expectations. John Bull is not that kind of man at all. He is not imaginative, but determined and dogged and confident. Yet when the psychological freaks I have described are exhibited in the public newspapers they cannot but give to foreigners the impression that John Bull is as wanting in virility and fortitude as these most unrepresentative writers. In point of fact

both the initial dreams and the succeeding panic are utterly alien to the essentially practical English temper, which is so faithfully reflected in the fortitude of our soldiers and our sailors.

Mr. Balfour's calm review of the situation was then before all things a true reflection of the country's temper. He refrained from any touch of extravagant optimism; he fully recognized the difficulties we have to overcome. But he pointed out the indisputable grounds which should give us heart and confidence for the struggle. He simply outlined our achievements—of which the nation may well be proud—and pointed to the past mistakes of the enemy. It was a case where genius detected those simple thoughts the placing of which in bold relief was all-important. His words expressed the patriotism and common-sense and fortitude which come as a simple instinct to the true Englishman. He showed that greatness of heart which while it recognizes the difficulties is not overcome by them. *Pour un grand coeur tout est petit* says the French proverb; the newspaper critics whom we are criticising verify the other half of the proverb, *pour un petit coeur tout est grand*.

Mr. Balfour's speech was really a model for our Press, recognizing and strengthening as it did what is best in the public temper at this moment. The Press ought to confirm the fortitude of a nation instead of seeming to hold it to be the part of patriotism to shake it. The temper of a nation in time of war should in some degree resemble that of its army. An army does not ignore—on the contrary its first object is to find out—the strong points of its enemy; but it does not go into hysterics over them or exaggerate them as tokens of something like invincibility. It notes obstacles, but with unabated courage and confidence in its power of over-

coming them. A certain proper pride is a necessary condition of victory. Soldiers do not fill their imaginations with visions calculated to rouse fear and despondency; if they did the army would not last a day. In some degree the same applies to the nation at large.

As we write these lines there comes the suggestion in certain journals that the conduct of the war should be entrusted to a small committee of the Cabinet. Such a proposal certainly comes under the head of what we have in this article called "friendly suggestions" from the Press which a Government may welcome. Of the same character was the suggestion made at the beginning of the war that Lord Kitchener should go to the War Office. Both

proposals express a view widely held among the public. But we hope that if this fresh suggestion is adopted the newspapers will not proceed to hamper the newly formed committee's efficiency by carping criticism, and to discredit it as far as possible with the nation. This is what some writers, who had urged Lord Kitchener's appointment most eagerly proceeded to do a little later in his regard. These two stages mark the difference between friendly suggestion on the part of the Press, which strengthens and helps authority, and that constant detailed criticism, often based on little knowledge, which weakens it and which, if it engenders a popular outcry, may lead to something like paralysis.

The Dublin Review

## BARBARA LYNN

By EMILY JENKINSON

### PART I

#### CHAPTER I

##### THE LONELY STEADING IN THE DALE

Barbara Lynn looked up the dale.

Thundergay glimmered through the green twilight with his hoary head under the Pole star, and his feet in the wan waters of a tarn. His breath was the North wind.

Barbara put up the shutters and turned to an old woman, who was propped against the pillows of a four-post bed. It stood in the full light of a turf fire, and looked like a ship with its sails furled.

"I'll bid you good-night and good rest, great-granny," said the girl.

The old woman was watching her with keen eyes—eyes so bright that they glittered under her shaggy brows.

"Do you ever waken o' nights?" she asked.

Barbara laughed and shook her head.

"Nay, I sleep from dark to dawn. But I'd hear you, great-granny, if you called. I've ears like a mountain hare."

"Aye, aye, rest's for the young, restlessness for the old. I lie awake thinking o' the days gone by. But you've no memories worth minding yet, my lass. Wait till you're my age—ninety-six come Michaelmas."

Barbara placed a lighted candle on the bridewain close to the bed, and stood for a moment looking down at the eagle-eyed old woman.

The Potter had made the new vessel after the pattern of the old, but the spirit of life which each held was different. The girl and her great-grandmother had the same wide brows, the same well-chiseled nose, and their eyes were blue. Barbara was tall beyond the usual height of her sex, and she carried her body with the grace of one accustomed to stand on giddy heights

and climb perilous places. Her head was finely moulded, and in proportion to her form. Peter Fleming, the miller's son, studying classics at Oxford, called her Athene, and said that a glance into her blue eyes gave strength to his shoulders and courage to his heart. So had the old woman in the four-poster looked eighty years ago.

But though the eyes of both were blue, Barbara's were as mild and meditative as Mistress Annas Lynn's were hard. They scanned each other narrowly. The marked difference as well as resemblance between them seemed to strike the old woman, for she suddenly said:

"You take after me in looks, lass, though your father and his father were the spitten picture of your great-grandfather, and Lucy favors them. But you are no more like me in temper than the beck in spate is like the same beck on a calm summer's morning. At your age I had kenned the bride-bed, and the birth-bed, and o' but kenned the death-bed. But you're still a bairn, puzzling over your letters."

There was pride and scorn in her voice.

"It's true, great-granny," replied Barbara, who was slow of tongue. "I's mazed-like at the world."

"Hoots-toots," said the old woman testily. "There's nowt to maze thee. Take what's sent and make the best of it. Life was made to be lived, not questioned. And it's worth living. I tell thee so, Barbara, and thee can take my word for it—I's that old. Whiles it turns your mouth awry, but the sweet and the sour are fairly mixed. Lucy's learnt that much—I know by the light in her eye. She'll get more of real life out of one night, larking with the lads in Cringel Forest, than you out of a hundred nights star-gazing on Thundergay."

"M'appen you're right," answered the girl, "but who would see to the farm, the sheep, and the lambs, and the kye, if I spent my time larking with the lads?"

Mistress Lynn's expression changed quickly. A crafty look displaced the open scorn of her eyes.

"Aye, aye, keep to the sheep-paths, Barbara. Keep to the sheep-paths and your star-gazing. See thou keep in the sheep-paths, great-granddaughter. They're safer for a young lass than Cringel Forest. Get thee gone now. It's time you were in bed. The dawn comes earlier every day."

"Earlier still I'll have to be up," replied Barbara, giving the old woman good-night.

"God bless thee, Barbara, thee's a good lass, although I do get my knife into thee whiles. Sleep well."

The girl drew the blue and white homespun curtains round the bed, put out the candle and went away. The wooden soles of her clogs rang with a measured sound upon the stone stairs and then across the rafters overhead. After that there was silence save for the chatter of the beck, running by the door. Its voice had an insistent, familiar tone, as though it were talking to someone within. No movement came from old Mistress Lynn. Either she was asleep, or she busied her mind with thoughts of other days. For a long time the room was in darkness. Then the turf on the fire slipped, the light leaped forth, and the four-poster glided out of shadow like a ship in full sail. The curtains were noiselessly drawn back, and a long, lean hand relit the candle.

Mistress Lynn looked slowly and searchingly about her. She left no dim corner unscanned, and there were many dim corners in the great kitchen, for it ran the length of the front part of the house.



It was a low room with a flagged and sanded floor. The walls were white-washed, making a fine contrast to the beams overhead, and the doors of the carved oak cupboards, all alike, black with age. Along one side ran three windows. The hearth was a slab of blue slate, and as the chimney flue descended no further into the room than the ceiling, the fire made a great show on occasions, with its flames and smoke; as though one end of the house were burning from floor to rafters. A bar of wood, called the rannel-balk, spanned the fireplace, and from it depended the rattan-crook, a long hook on which the kettle hung. There was a carved oak settle in the ingle, and near it a spinning wheel; and under the windows a narrow but heavy table with all its corners sharp but one, which was rounded off in a curious manner following the shape of the solid tree trunk from which it had been made. Against the opposite wall stood a dresser, holding a varied array of wooden and pewter platters, piggins for drinking out of, and two or three china cups. Next to it came the bridewain, and then the great bed. Between the windows was the door, bound with iron, studded with large nails, and bolted by two massive iron bolts. Another door at the far end led into a little passage, which gave access to the wool-barn, cow-house and dairy, all at the back of the building. In the chimney, curing in the smoke, hung fitches of bacon and a sheep by the heels. Upon the shelves along the walls were hammers and lanterns, pattens for horses to wear in snowy weather, sticks and staves and an old gun. An oak cupboard, with Mistress Lynn's initials carved upon it, held the oat-cake, and a kist, near the fire, held meal.

But the principal feature of the place was the four-post bed, with its curtains of blue and white homespun, so placed

that it commanded a full view of the room. Nothing could happen there unseen by the old woman.

Shadows shot up and sank with the flickering light. The clock peered down like a white-faced watcher, the dresser and the high-backed chairs were endowed with movement if not with life. Mistress Lynn laid her fingers upon the bridewain, as though she would reassure herself that it, too, was not a fantastic creation of firelight and shadow, but the solid piece of oak which she had brought with her to this house of Greystones, when she married David Lynn four generations ago.

She listened for any sound in the sleeping house. But all was quiet. No stealthy steps crossed the rafters overhead, where Barbara and Lucy slept. The windows were shuttered and the doors were closed. Jan Straw, the shepherd, grown old and blind and deaf in her service, had a bed along with the hind above the cow-house. There was none to spy upon her, save the shadows and the firelight, and the bob-tailed sheep-dog, lying with his nose between his paws, dreaming of the flocks upon Thundergay.

Mistress Lynn moved the candle nearer to her, and, taking from its hiding-place in the bed a large iron key, she leaned over and unlocked the middle cupboard of the bridewain.

The light was full upon her face, revealing the fine network of lines about mouth and eyes, the parchment-like texture of the skin, and the whiteness of the hair, that escaped from under her frilled nightcap. Hers was a face bearing the imprint of age in every lineament, and of an abiding craftiness, which all the greatness of her nature had not managed to efface.

The bridewain was apparently stocked with carded wool. This she pushed aside, however, and drawing



out a bundle of silver spoons and a gold locket, she laid them on the bed. She counted the spoons one by one, and fingered the locket absently, as though the thoughts which it roused carried her mind back to some experience long past. The expression of her face changed from grim satisfaction to great weariness. Her lips moved, but the words were lost in the chatter of the beek.

When Mistress Lynn was a girl, over three-quarters of a century ago, she had loved Joel Hart, a young gentleman of quality, whose home was not far off, and the locket had been a gift from him. But he married Mary Priestly, the heiress of Forest Hall, in Cringel Forest, and she married David Lynn, of Greystones. Neither marriage was very happy. Joel took part in the rebellion of 1745, and was shot, losing all his lands save the old house of Forest Hall, which his descendant owned and lived in at this time. But between the rebel's outlawry and his capture, what memories were crowded for the village girl he had once made love to! She had hidden him from pursuit among the wool-sacks, unknown to her dour, loyal husband. The tale had once been a favorite one for a winter night's telling. But now it had ceased to rouse enthusiasm in the dale. Only to this old woman was it a vital memory.

She turned the locket over, then she dropped it, putting such melancholy thoughts as it drew forth resolutely away. She searched in the back of the bridewain and brought out some bags of blue linen, each one tied with a leather thong. They were full of money.

It was for the winking yellow coins which she poured into her lap, that Annas Lynn, at ninety-five, still found life worth living. She, the relic of a past age, with son and grandsons

dead, and only two young girls left of all her kindred, whose heart had shriveled with the death of Joel Hart long ago, still hoped that many years would pass before she was laid to sleep by the mouldering bones of her husband in the kirk-garth. She was proud of her age, proud of her right to be called great-grandmother, proud of her keen wits. She ruled the steading and the flocks, and the ploughed lands, and the pastures with regal authority from her bed in the kitchen. No one disputed her sway. Lucy, younger than Barbara by a year, had been known to defy her; but she rued her rashness in tears for many days afterwards. Neither her son, nor her grandsons, middle-aged men when they died, had ever opposed her will. She broke if she could not bend.

Mistress Lynn stooped over her money-bags. She counted the coins, letting them fall into her hand with a merry tinkle. She counted them below her breath, as though she were afraid to utter the toll of her wealth openly. She was a rich woman. The toil of years lay in her lap; and Barbara's care of the lambs, Lucy's light hand with the butter, the faithful service of old Jan Straw still added many a sovereign to the pile. Gold! gold! it warmed the life blood that otherwise would have run cold at the fountain. To get richer was the ambition of this old woman. She set about compassing it with all the craft of a daughter of Jacob.

The sheep-dog heard the faint jingle, and, getting up, came sniffing to the bed-side. He buried his nose in the quilt, causing a coin to slip unnoticed upon the floor. Like all his kind he owed a willing obedience to a strong hand, and though he slunk in terror from his mistress's anger, he returned trustfully to eat the crumbs which she sometimes gave him.

She patted his head.

"There's no cream-cakes hid among the blankets, Toss, my lad," she said. "Get awa back, and take thy sleep."

The dog returned to his bed by the fire, but the coin lay shining upon the sheepskin beside the four-poster. She did not miss it.

Midnight; and the hour of twelve rang out, overcoming for a brief while the ceaseless chattering of the beck. Mistress Lynn put away her money-bags, and relocked the bridewain. She bent her head, listening intently, but to a clock striking twelve far back in her memory. On such a night as this, at the same hour, she had hidden Joel Hart among the wool-sacks, while David Lynn, goodman, slept peacefully in his bed. That night summed up for Annas all the sweetness and bitterness of life. She had lived then to the utmost fibre of her being.

She drew the curtains and lay down. The four-poster once more took on its likeness to a ship in full sail.

But there was no rest for the old woman. She spent the night-time, as she had foretold to her great-granddaughter, thinking of the days gone by. During those cold, early hours, that drag so wearily for the wakeful, she lived again through many a wild scene. Yet she longed for sleep, and vainly tried to put the memories from her, which she would rather cast into oblivion forever. Hers had been an eventful life.

She had been born and bred in this land of the dales and fells, under the shadow of Thundergay. Her looks and actions showed the blood from whence she came. She was a true descendant of those wild Northmen, who had once swooped down upon that countryside, and built their homesteads there. Tall, blue-eyed, and yellow-haired in her youth, she might have been Unn, the

Deep-minded, come to life again out of her saga. About her breathed an air of mystery, for she was, in truth, no common woman, either in body or in mind.

She had married early, and made this farm of Greystones the very center of her own personality. Husband and children had feared rather than loved her, and no one knew what depths of affection her nature held, save Joel Hart, dead seventy years ago. There was a Joel Hart now living at Forest Hall, the old house about a mile away down the dale, and upon him had fallen a pale reflection of her love. He and Barbara were the only beings for whom she felt any real regard, and this not for their own sakes, but because the one bore so striking a resemblance to his ill-fated ancestor and the other to herself. They were a reincarnation, in appearance, of the past.

As Mistress Lynn lay awake, she became acutely conscious of those other days. They lived again. At one moment she was helping to bar the doors against the last raid of the moss-troopers, while her husband shot at them with a flint-lock from an upper window. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, she was standing among the wool-sacks, her lantern making a round moon of light upon the wall opposite. Even yet she could not see a lantern's glow without the blood quickening through her veins.

Sleep would not come to her. She tried to draw her mind away from such scenes, and think of the quiet hills. She listened to the beck, singing under the windows. Its voice was so clear that it seemed to be running across the kitchen floor by her bed. But it would only sing of the past, like a bard telling tales of the strenuous days of old. It was a lullaby for heroes, not for a weary old woman who could not sleep.

She lay, shut in by her curtains, with her eyes fixed wide, seeing faces and hearing voices long since gone into the spirit-world.

Outside, the moon was shining like a new silver crown. The fells lay white under its rays, for the snow had not yet melted from the uplands, though primroses were beginning to peep along sheltered spots of the beck-side. There was a touch of frost in the air, which gave a shimmer to the sky. The roof of Greystones glistened, and the five great sycamores, standing about the house, flung barred, black shadows across the sheep-pens that lay at the back of the farm, surrounded with one great wall ten feet high, built when robbers were frequent visitors. No other steading stood in the dale. The little village of High Fold lay two miles away, hidden by the trees of Cringel Forest. Behind Greystones the fell-side ran up at a steep angle to Mickle Crag. It was not a cheerful place. The fell-folk said that a curse had been laid upon it, but when, and by whom, and for what offence, no one had ever heard. Yet many believed that the house would one day fall, or the beetling black crags come down upon it, and then would end the family of the Lynns, who had lived there for three hundred years. Lucy laid crossed straws on the threshold, as her mother had done, and her mother's mother, and hung horse-shoes over the doors, but the house still kept its melancholy air. The lonely situation of the place had much to do with this impression, for Boar-Dale was deep and wild and barren, surrounded by a mountain rampart, up which the sun must climb before it could send its kindly beams to dispel the mists that made it their home.

Barbara and Lucy, aided by the village folk, had tried to persuade Mistress Lynn to leave the house and have another built in a more cheerful spot, but she would not listen to them. Had she not lived there for more than seventy years? Nothing had ever happened. There had been landslips, to be sure, upon the fells behind, but they had never fallen anywhere near the house. The beck was flooded every winter, but never got higher than the bottom step of the garden. What was there to fear? No; when she left Greystones, abandoned it to the bats and the owls, it would be when she was carried out with her feet up. Then Barbara and Lucy could do as they liked.

Mistress Lynn had been bedridden for several years. She had slipped in the yard one muddy day and injured her ankle. It had recovered sufficiently for her to have hobbled about with the help of a stick, but the proud old woman could not brook such an idea. She would not be seen hirpling like a sheep with the louping-ill, and so she preferred to remain in bed and keep her dignity. She was quite happy and fully occupied in holding her iron sceptre over her little family, and never gave a thought to the curse. But Barbara and Lucy sometimes awoke at night and shuddered, for they knew that the scarred and broken face of Mickle Crag was peering down upon the roof with a malignant grin.

The moon set, and, in the gray dawn the old woman fell asleep. It was then that the birds began to twitter in the copse hard by, through which the beck babbled when it had run by the door. At the first low whistle of a blackbird, Barbara awoke.

*(To be continued)*

## THE POWERS THAT BE

BY CECIL BATTINE

It was foreseen by all students of history that Britain would labor under a great handicap in a Continental war by reason of her form of government. The supremacy of Parliament is concentrated in a Cabinet at present consisting of twenty-two members, which has been invested with almost unchecked authority, but which labors under the disadvantage of being too unwieldy in size, besides lacking expert guidance when it deliberates on military problems. There is no clear-cut definition of the limit of its interference in the War, and the most lucid explanations or the clearest memorandums from the Secretary of State for War and his assistants can have but little value in this miniature Parliament, both by reason of its size and of its lack of education.

In the French Republic the Cabinet is both smaller and better informed, yet the limit of its prerogative in military matters is absolutely defined by law and cannot be overstepped. The military chiefs enjoy practically unfettered power within their own sphere of authority, so that the military policy of the State is in no risk of amateur interference, while the War lasts at any rate. The appointment of Lord Kitchener to the post of Secretary of State for War, together with the enthusiastic popular confidence which compelled that appointment, was the precaution of the British democracy to attain the same end. But even if Lord Kitchener had possessed all the talents of Carnot and Napoleon combined, the task which awaited him of organizing a "New Army" out of almost nothing, of fitting in the political duties of a Cabinet Minister which could not be escaped under

the party system, and of conducting the War, was beyond the power of any one man. The direction of military operations on the scale now waged by our armies in Flanders and the Mediterranean constitutes a more complex task even than the command of the French armies, and needs a special machinery which should be absolutely independent of civilian and amateur control.

General Zurlinden, a French General of high rank, published a pamphlet ten years ago in which he drew attention to the formidable instrument possessed by the German Empire in its Great General Staff. He quoted Moltke himself as having boasted that although France would succeed in imitating the organization, numbers, armament, and courage of the Germans, yet she would never succeed in producing an equally efficient system of higher command. In the last ten years the French Staff and higher command has worked very hard to surpass the German, but the events of the War have proved the excellence of the German scheme of military command, which is simple, logical, and direct. Before the outbreak of this War our politicians scouted the notion that we should ever have to undertake land war on an important scale and confided our safety entirely to our naval supremacy. When therefore the cataclysm befell them they had no idea how to save the situation nor how to create a suitable scheme of Army command. To impose responsibility for everything on Lord Kitchener seemed the simplest way out of the difficulty, though the Parliamentarians disliked him personally and suspected him of "militarist" tendencies.



Since the late Sir Charles Dilke first drew serious attention to the relative weakness of our land forces with those of our neighbors, and advocated reform in the early nineties, several statesmen, such as Lord Lansdowne, Lord Middleton, the late Mr. Arnold-Forster, Viscount Haldane, and Colonel J. Seely, have been Secretaries of State for War. Each one of them has taken credit either for creating or for developing a 'real General Staff.' Some of these Ministers advanced both claims, and all left it to be inferred that no such thing existed until they turned the light of their genius upon the dark corners of the War Office.

Now it stands to reason that no army could have won the victories of Marlborough and of Wellington without the services of an extremely competent executive staff, but it is also true that neither at those glorious epochs of our history, nor yet at any time since, not even now has the country possessed any body of officers who resemble the German General Staff in their functions, training or authority and it is not too much to aver that we labor under a great disadvantage from this cause, a disadvantage which is felt in the Council Chamber as well as in the field. The essence of the Prussian plan as developed by Moltke lay in selecting about three hundred of the most capable and most intellectual officers of the army for a special career and special promotion. These officers are chosen with sole regard to their military fitness, and the duties which are entrusted to them have been carefully calculated to develop their talents and widen their experiences with the single object of training them to be the skilled assistants of the executive command. The executive command in the general's rank is subsequently filled in most cases by officers of the General Staff.

In great measure this system has been imitated in France, though some of the essential ingredients of the Prussian system have not been adopted for French reasons. Every European army has attempted in a greater or less degree to approach the model, but so far the British Army has preferred to select its commanders and their chief assistants for pre-eminence at administrative rather than executive work. The executive command in the field and at headquarters is still cumbered with more administrative duties than are the corresponding officers in the enemy's camp, and though our plan has the advantage of imposing the practical test of business upon our chosen officers at every turn, yet it has the drawback of asking too much of each individual. This defect was seen in *excelsis* when Lord Kitchener was required to create a national Army out of a nucleus of oversea garrisons, and at the same time to direct the policy and strategy, and to some extent supervise the personnel of the biggest military operations in our history; he was required to perform the impossible.

To take the two questions of military policy which must have preoccupied the Government during the last month—viz., the question of Conscription and the decision as to our strategy in the Mediterranean. So far as the rulers of the Empire had any official expert advice it came from their colleague, the Secretary of State for War, who had not only to give them his opinion but to educate them all to the point of being able to appreciate his reasons. But the Minister for War himself, though doubtless competent to advise upon most of the issues concerned with the question of Conscription, has not had the time to undertake the strategy of the combined operations of all our land forces. He could not guarantee to win the War

by this or that system, as some seem to expect, and in both questions the authority of a purely military officer directing the operations of all our land forces, and co-ordinating their efforts from London, would be of supreme value to the War Minister and the Cabinet, and to the generals commanding in the field.

While we are wanting this all-important organ to complete the machinery of control for the gigantic military enterprise which we have undertaken. we have on the other hand a political organization in England which is daily increasing in power, which does not hesitate on occasion to upset the decisions of the judicature, and which is able to dictate its pleasure to the Cabinet itself. The power of trades unions in the national government is all the more remarkable because they have no responsibility and, at present at any rate, are not able to undertake the onus of replacing the present Ministers of the Crown when they dissent from their policy. Questionable as such an exorcism on the constitution may be in peace, it is doubly dangerous in war, as we have already found out. In particular these associations disapprove of any military system which enables the Government to defeat their favorite weapon of a strike that paralyzes the vital national industries; and in the worst crisis of the present War the leaders of the movement and elsewhere have not stuck at threatening to aid the enemy by such paralyzing strike.

According to the theory of a democracy such action is as unnecessary as it is treacherous and criminal, because the votes of the majority should regulate any question which may cause a deadlock. Unfortunately democracy in practice works out very differently from democracy in theory, so that, although political power is principally

vested in the classes which constitute the trades unions, the associated workmen, led by rash and inexperienced representatives, constantly refuse to accept the decisions of their own deputies in Parliament. The same deadlock came about in France in the last great railway strike in that country. The Prime Minister was at that time M. Aristide Briand, who had formerly professed extreme views, but whose experience of office had modified his notions as to what was possible or desirable in the way of industrial and social revolution. This statesman, in view of the extreme peril to which a railway strike exposed the State with the German menace on the frontier, settled the question by calling up the strikers as reservists, and compelling them to do their work as military duty with or without wages until the trouble was settled. This energetic action by M. Briand enlightened the English trades union leaders as to the disciplinary power of conscription, and made them resolve to oppose any such law in England, even while the fate of the War trembled in the balance.

It will probably not surpass the wit of the Parliamentary politicians to invent some compromise by which the ranks can be kept supplied with recruits while the anxiety that the new law shall not become an instrument of tyranny in case of industrial disputes may be allayed. It would seem, however, that those industries which cannot be permitted to break down even for a few days while employers and employed are haggling and disputing over wages and profits should as soon as possible be taken over by the State and worked for the profit of the State alone, like the Post Office. First and foremost in the category should come the collieries which produce the fuel required for the Fleet, and also the

railways of the United Kingdom. Moreover, it should not be too great a demand on the wisdom of Parliament to devise an enactment for the settlement of all industrial disputes by courts of law or arbitration instead of the wasteful and foolish extremity of out-throat strikes. The conditions of international rivalry decree that only the most strenuous shall prosper and perhaps survive at all. Not only in war but also after the War we shall have to learn to compose our differences and close our ranks if we intend to maintain our national predominance; and perhaps it may even be a question of our national existence, since matters seem likely to go to extreme issues when nation challenges nation in these days, either in the struggle for economic supremacy, or its logical result, the final struggle on the battlefield.

A cynic might be tempted to make merry at the aspect of a nation which is never tired of proclaiming itself the champion of liberty enthralled as no modern State has ever been. Its government is absolutely despotic. In the public interest it is able to refuse all information as to its proceedings in the most vital matters of policy, and is able to prevent all criticism in Parliament of its methods and motives. In theory this suspension of constitutional liberty is only to be tolerated during the continuance of a perilous crisis, but this crisis has already lasted fifteen months, and bids fair to last a good deal longer. It is, at any rate, plain that in war-time democratic government is synonymous with absolute government in the sphere of civilian control, but even in peace the working of the Parliamentary system has tended to produce this result. In the field of diplomacy and supervision of our military and naval expenditure, and in the general aim of our policy as a nation, the

arguments which have been found convincing for transferring absolute power to the Cabinet had already been found of such weight that the democracy had little or nothing to say to the measures which settled its fate. The question, consequently, arises as to whether democracy does, in fact, protect the liberty of the people, or enable it to control its Government even in times of peace. In times of war it has been proved to demonstration that the democratic system has failed completely and disastrously.

While our complicated system of Parliamentary elections has thus resulted in the setting up of a species of bureaucracy with almost unlimited powers, recruited entirely from Parliamentary politicians and political lawyers, yet on the other hand the State still lacks the machinery for electing military chiefs of undoubted competency—a machinery, in short, which is called in Germany the Great General Staff, and which is habitually consulted by the chief of the Government not only in giving effect to his military measures, but also in framing the policy which ultimately depends upon the success of military measures. But whereas this essential implement of a contemporary Empire is wanting in the British Empire, another power has grown up within it which overshadows the law, which dictates to the executive, which declines responsibility for national policy and yet interferes with the action of the Government at every important turn—the power of the trades union leaders. I reiterate this with some persistence because of the gravity of the situation.

To take the crucial question of Conscription as the test of the statesmanship of the trades union leaders. These gentlemen apparently approve of the War which is being waged against Ger-

many, or at any rate they do not deny that now we are in the midst of it we must exert ourselves to the utmost in order to bring it to a successful conclusion. Nevertheless they have taken upon themselves to oppose one essential measure which every modern State, whether insular or continental, has found indispensable to protect its independence. The liability to render military service in the State, be it noted, is only the foundation of military power without which the necessary numbers for a national war cannot possibly be trained in peace. Many other things are necessary to be done before the nation can have confidence in its defensive organization, but the very fact of the obligation to bear arms resting impartially upon all supplies the steam without which it would seem to be impossible to make the other things which are required, the most important of which is a machinery for selecting the most suitable and capable leaders of all ranks from the Chief of the Staff down to the lance corporal. The trade unionists, it is true, have not as a body opposed recruiting. On the contrary their members have volunteered in large numbers, and they are even now making great efforts to enroll large numbers of men without the application of a conscription law. They have, however, presumed to oppose their opinion to the advice of the military authorities and their motive would seem to be that they arrogate to themselves the right to exempt whom they please from conscriptive law. Having regard to the methods which of necessity have been employed in bringing moral and material suasion to bear upon prospective recruits, the farce can hardly be maintained any longer of denominating such a system voluntary. A new word, in fact, has had to be coined to designate the conscription of the trades unionists.

It is *voluntaryism*, and this *voluntaryism* includes the right of the trades union leaders to exempt such of their partisans as they please from the duty of military service.

It is extremely probable that if the executive authority were thrust upon these gentlemen who sway the executive from the outside they would take a perfectly different view of the whole situation. They would realize, for example, that however successful their form of conscription may be at a given moment and under a given stress of national danger, yet in order to maintain the security of the State the Government must be able to count on the support of its manhood permanently, and not fitfully; the necessity to train and prepare against the emergency of war is just as great and sometimes greater when that necessity is least apparent to the man in the street. Further, the only eligible and even practical corollary of permitting the existence and far-reaching authority of the trades unionists consists in their ability to replace the lawyer politicians in the chief posts of the executive whenever they differ from them, and whenever they can compel them to yield as they have been able to do in the recruiting question and in the crisis of the South Wales mining strike. Under any other conditions their interference with the executive and their threat to paralyze national industry in the crisis of war must be regarded as treacherous and criminal, and a danger to the State hardly less imminent than the hostility of a foreign Power.

A nation which indulges in the luxury of a lawyer bureaucracy, some of whose posts costs 25,000*l.* a year or thereabouts, which occasionally confides to this bureaucracy despotic power, but yet tolerates its subjection in vital matters of policy to industrial associations



is hopelessly handicapped in a life and death struggle with such a political organization as the German Empire, nor can anyone be surprised that the executive machinery fails in competition with its rivals in such difficult matters as Balkan diplomacy and in the organization of the hierarchy of the Army. It is not altogether certain that the political mentors of the working classes, whose votes have entrusted the executive power to Mr. Asquith and his colleagues for the last ten years, would have approved the policy which brought about war with Germany in August, 1914; in fact, there is very good reason to believe they differed fundamentally with this policy, and would have preferred to have let things on the Continent take their course without British interference and without alliance with any group of Continental States. It is therefore to their credit that notwithstanding they have in the main, according to their lights, responded to the appeal of their countrymen to sustain the effort of the nation in arms. Nor must it be supposed that the work of the trades unions in the past has been mischievous or unnecessary, though it may be asserted that the state of things which gave them birth was both mischievous and unnecessary. The political movement which undermined the ascendancy of the landed gentry in the middle of last century, and which established the predominance of Liberalism, certainly induced many necessary reforms, and infused new energy into the political life of the country in many respects. It was, however, tainted with mean jealousy of the old landed aristocracy and with callous disregard of the interests of the working classes, upon whose sweated labor it constructed its bourgeois prosperity. It was primarily to protect these ill-treated workmen who slaved in vile

slums under unhealthy conditions, while captains of industry, financiers, and retail tradesmen became fat and prosperous, that the trades unions came into existence, and while no one can deny that they have served a useful and even essential purpose, it is a lasting shame to the Parliamentary politicians of both parties, but particularly of the Liberal party, that the necessity should ever have arisen; for it was the duty of Parliament, above all things and before all things, to protect the interests of the Commons, and to see that no such tyranny or sweating existed as rendered these associations necessary.

Trades unions are very sensitive to criticism, and as a Minister of the Crown naively stated in Parliament a few days ago, they are very powerful organizations—so powerful in fact, that in official circles it is considered a most outrageous indiscretion and want of tact to utter a word in their disparagement! It is not even considered well-bred among the best people to mention their existence. Probably the exalted right honorables are secretly ashamed of the way they are compelled to cringe to Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, the delegates of some plebeian trade, in order that they may retain their high offices and their high-sounding titles; but a more high-minded class of ruler would reject with scorn an official position subject to such limitations. Such is the pass to which the British Constitution has come; while the legitimate authority of men versed in public service is curtailed, and while the elected representatives of the nation in Parliament are unable to criticise, and still less to control the executive, yet this same executive is blackmailed by an authority unknown to the law, which quite frankly snaps its fingers at the law, just as the robber barons of the Middle Ages used to do when it suited their purpose.

The trades unions have now traveled far beyond the purpose for which they originally existed. They have become a political power within the State, of which it may be said, as the Liberal party of the day said of George the Third, "This power has increased, is increasing, ought to be diminished." Even where their spokesmen have no intention to interfere, their power is indirectly felt. For example, had it not been notorious that they would oppose the establishment of conscription by law, no one doubts but that recruiting would have been fixed on a compulsory basis twelve months ago. The result of this measure would have been of incalculable value to the Allied cause. All Europe would have believed that the British people meant to win the War from that time onward, and the actual forces at our disposal at the present moment would not only be more numerous, but the military authorities would know that they had the wherewithal to maintain the fighting strength of our divisions in the field, and could have laid their plans accordingly.

While the German General Staff spent the first winter of the War in duplicating the immense forces which they had already disposed of and in amassing munitions of all sorts, and devoted the summer months to the reconquest of Galicia, the overrunning of Poland, and the subjugation of all the strongholds of Western Russia, the British Government has been debating whether a crisis sufficiently important has yet arisen to justify the demand of our whole fighting strength. As a necessary consequence the relative position of Britain and her allies as against Germany and her allies is much less favorable than it was twelve months ago. Our object in going to war was not so much to establish a blockade of the German ports, which was only a means

to the end, as to defend our Continental allies from the overlordship of Germany. So far the Allies have failed to compel the aggressor to relax his grip on Northern France or Belgium, and on the other hand have not been able to prevent his victorious hosts from overrunning the ancient Kingdom of Poland, and connecting up with his Turkish ally by the accession of Bulgaria to his confederacy. It is not too early to admit to ourselves that if we fail to defeat our enemy's armies in the field we can only hope to frustrate German designs by exhausting his resources and by bleeding him to death. This process must inevitably impose the direst sufferings upon our allies on whose territory the long struggle is being waged. It must likewise prove very bitter and costly to ourselves, from sacrifice of trade, money, and life. Moreover, it is not at all likely to achieve its purpose unless our resources of all sorts are carefully husbanded and expended with the utmost regard for economy in the trial of endurance. It is not necessary to reiterate the accusations which have been made against our war administration of wasteful expenditure and of extravagant methods, nor is it only the administration of the War which has been extravagant. Both civil and municipal authorities continue to expend very large sums which ought to be saved at the present juncture, so that their action has lent some color to the accusation of bribing the working classes to acquiesce in the Continental War. Whatever conclusion the impartial historian may come to in these matters, nothing is more certain than that the most rigid economy should henceforth be required of the Government, an economy which is all the more necessary on account of the load of taxation we are compelled to bear, and the steadily rising cost of the necessities of life.

Whenever any reforms are required in our system of government, it is always asserted that the time is unsuitable. To reform the military laws in war-time is said to be "swapping horses in the middle of the stream." To propose any such reform in peace-time is condemned as futile on account of the lack of public interest. Economy is always unpopular, but it is somewhat premature to conclude that war is a rare episode in our history—so rare, in fact, that it should be dealt with as an emergency, and preparation for waging it successfully condemned in peace. Fifteen months of warfare, if judged by national expenditure alone, constitute a very important epoch in the nation's history, and the trend of international politics by no means encourages the hope that the present War will be our last, or that the intervals of peace between wars will see any notable slackening in the energetic preparations of some rival State for competing with us in every respect. It would indeed be shortsighted to ignore the mighty political questions which ere long must arise by reason of the development of new empires and new alliances. The population and power of Japan will not stand still during the next two decades. The United States has built a navy, and is about to raise an army. South America is becoming the home of rich and expanding national ties and, whatever may be the outcome of the present War, it is highly unlikely to remove all causes of quarrel in the European States.

Although there are some disadvantages in changing forms of government in the midst of a struggle, yet there are also great opportunities for reform while the whole nation is compelled to feel the stress of warfare and the necessity for sinking partisan strife. Many patriotic sacrifices can be demanded

which will never be accorded when the danger is over. Nor is it too much to say that certain reforms can only be effected when a dangerous enemy is thundering at the gate. If Parliamentary Government is a failure in war-time, if it is unable to carry out its functions, and both to control and assist the executive, then a powerful case exists for its radical modification, whatever virtues it may possess in peace-time. The government of the war by a coalition of all parties should produce the very best results of which our Parliamentary system is capable, and if, therefore, such a coalition fails to enforce its authority and to remedy the abuses of our administrative services, the nation should not hesitate to make important changes in the constitution.

Since destructive criticism is of little value unless an alternative course is suggested, it may be worth while briefly to sketch an alternative to the present Cabinet system. No one denies that a committee of twenty-two members is unsuitable for waging a war, or that the supreme direction of affairs should be vested in a board of six or seven at most. This fact has tacitly been admitted by the Cabinet itself by its creation of a committee of the Cabinet for the waging of the War. Unfortunately this committee does not include the elements which are necessary for its purpose, and does include several members who are extremely unsuitable for its task. It is essential that besides the War Minister a military officer with supreme responsibility for the conduct of the whole of our land forces, and vested with the necessary authority, should be a member of such a board. The Navy should be similarly represented. Three other members of proved business ability should suffice to represent the other great Departments of State, and this Board, under

the presidency of the Prime Minister, should exist for the prosecution of the War as a Committee of National Defense. The consultation of the heads of departments for other purposes and for subordinate action need not be interfered with, though probably the existence of a big Cabinet as such would cease to be necessary, and some important reductions might be made in the ever-increasing list of political appointments.

Since the House of Commons has for practical purposes divested itself of the power to control the executive, no revolutionary change would be entailed by the creation of a Board with well-defined powers, and with the obligation clearly to announce its policy from time to time, and also to state the measure of success which its diplomacy and military performances have achieved. The selection of such a Board presents no insuperable difficulty. Indeed, the names of the members who should constitute it are on everybody's lips with the exception of a single post, *i. e.*, the Commander-in-Chief of the whole of the land forces of the Crown. If the present Secretary of State for War were to undertake the task, an equally capable Minister would have to be found to execute his present office. On whomsoever the selection fell would devolve the most arduous and responsible post held by a British subject since the defeat of Napoleon. To defeat the vast military confederacy controlled by Marshal von Falkenhayn a leader of equal skill, equal statesmanship, and equal organizing power must be found. It may even be necessary to find one who is superior. Whatever recruiting laws are adopted, they should be framed with the utmost foresight and care. From among the young leaders who have distinguished themselves on the stricken fields of France and Gallipoli

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a selection should be made of the most intellectual, the most capable, and the most energetic—the nucleus of a General Staff which may now and in the future be able successfully to compete with the German Staff, which may enjoy an equal authority and reputation with their own countymen, and which may be able to purge the military profession of those vices and shortcomings which have given any reasonable ground to the anti-militarist and pacifist party when they denounce the tendencies and characteristics of our code and military laws and customs.

It is high time to have done with cant and hypocrisy, and to face the truth. The British Empire was obtained by the sword, and can only be held by the sword. Whether we like it or no, the British Isles lie, a huge breakwater, right across the waterways which connect Northern Europe with the rest of the world. It is an article of national faith with us that naval supremacy is vital to our national existence. The Germans and others complain that this supremacy is intolerable to them. The two claims are irreconcilable, and must ever be subject to the challenge of war. When war broke out the logic of facts instantly swept away all the favorite theories of defense by sea-power alone, and compelled us to embark on a land struggle with gigantic forces. On the issue of this land struggle the victory in the present War admittedly depends, so that the selection of a single military authority to control all our land forces is of the most vital importance. Second only to the gravity of this choice is a readjustment of the supreme executive so that the military chief may be supported to the utmost by his civilian colleagues, and so that the whole resources of the State may really be at the back of the men who are fighting its battles.



## CHARLES DICKENS AND LOVE.

Dante beheld in his vision the Lovers, guilty but immortal through the very strength of their love, and he envisioned them as still embraced whirling through the dim space of Inferno. Only by reason of the passion that united them, do the names of Paolo and Francesca of Rimini come down the centuries. Again in Rimini, Sigismondo Malatesta has rendered well-nigh imperishable his "divine Isotta"; her face, her name, her initials entwined with his, and her roses, are cut and emblazoned throughout the church he built. Père la Chaise holds the life-long divided lovers, Abélard and Héloïse, reunited in their graves. Antony and Cleopatra, Petrarch and Laura, Hero and Leander; the names of great lovers are as well remembered as the names of conquerors. In life as in fiction love is a conqueror. The most poignant description in literature, even at this date, is the death of Manon Lescaut and her burial in the sand by her wonderful lover. Now among all the hundred portraits, throughout his crowded gallery of characters, the genius of Charles Dickens evolved not one great lover. He who has justly taken so large a share of our delight and interest, gives us a murderer more than once, a miser more than once, a true-hearted, open-handed man more than once; good men, good women, vicious, idle, good-intentioned, benevolent, madmen, cranks, victims, but never once, either in man or woman, a great Lover. In Ham Peggotty love is too unselfish, too devoid of all jealous passion to be ranked as a man's strong love. When the girl's flight becomes known, Ham's first thought is for his uncle, then for Copperfield, then it melts into pity for "Little Em'ly"; it is a beautiful sentiment in a brave unselfish heart, but it is no more. Not thus does overwhelming love take its course.

Mary, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, is too nebulous; she is also as tiresomely clear-witted as Agnes Wickfield, and both see the faults and foibles of their respective lovers all too plainly. They appear to desire to fill the combined positions of "Mentor-Sister-Mother-Helpmeet-Beacon-Refuge-Angel and Guiding Star" which is altogether too much for the winged Eros. Héloïse only took the title of "sister" on compulsion; she would never have chosen it, she gloried in her attitude as lover, as every man and woman has gloried if they have loved greatly. Bella Wilfer is charming until she becomes the typical Dickensian little fluttering thing in her John's arms. Esther Summerson divined no more of the stirrings of love than a jelly-fish knows of poking a fire. One has a desire and a hope that Lady Leicester has daringly loved, but Dickens will not even hint at it; there is a gay young man and a lovely young woman one would trust that she was less stony than she appears later), and an infant; but all that you can glean from the book is the woman's shame and love for her little-seen child, and always the shame is uppermost. That at last she drags herself to die at the gates of that foul burial place where her pauper lover lies, is merely the accustomed touch of the novelist, and a not very true touch for so sure a hand as that of Charles Dickens.

Little Dorrit is so earnest and tender a character that one hesitates to sit in judgment on her power of love lest one should actually scare the dear little creature. But the truth is that our only conception of her is as "Little Dorrit." We can project no vision of her as Wife, Mother and Mistress of a household, unless we imagine a Lilliputian dwelling with dolls for children. It would appear that in drawing the

morally strong character of this daughter and sister of Futility and Vanity, Dickens could not refrain from endowing her with some of his favorite attributes. She must be very low in height and slender in figure, and she must prove herself to be the most shrinking and timid of all his heroines. Therefore she goes dwarfed and shadowy down the paths of our imagination.

In *Barnaby Rudge* there is no love to speak of; through all the *Pickwick Papers* love is a mere matter for mirthful situations, strange when Sam's attachment to his gaitered little master is touchingly rendered. In almost every one of his books Dickens depicts the spider-and-the-fly business of some designing woman with a gullible male. These poisonous females and their confidential friends make rather dreary reading; perhaps the point of the Victorian joke in such affairs has worn a little blunt with over use. In Mr. and Mrs. Lamble, both being deceived, a more masterly picture is attained, and the situation is on a higher plane.

I suppose there are readers who will bring forward Sidney Carton's character to prove that Dickens could present us with a great lover. But Sidney Carton is an educated Ham Peggotty fallen into bad ways. His love hardly seems to weigh so heavily on his mind as his wasted talents and in the mind of his creator the culminating sacrifice is the mainspring of the book, not the love. Dickens has made the sacrifice outweigh too glaringly the victim's life; the evidence of so tremendous a love is passed over so lightly that the reader hardly suspects its existence any more than Dr. Manette or Mr. Lorry did; neither is Lucille's character strongly enough depicted to warrant the final picture. She is another typical Dickensian young woman, she seems almost callous to the magnificence and the pity of Carton's immolation. In her small

and chaste position of Wife and Mother she probably deemed that she repaid the poor, besotted, lovable fellow by calling one of her infants by his name, and during her placid after-life by an occasional "gentle tear" and "tender prayer." The whole story is melodramatic, the actions being insufficiently led up to, and the prosaic Charles Darnley is the strangest product to come from the profligate family of St. Evrémonde. In sheer revolt from the discrepancies one is tempted to wish that Carton had escaped and married Miss Pross; she would have afforded him vastly more amusement and variety than Lucille.

If in drawing a sanctified love Dickens's hand seems to falter, in any picture of unlawful or unauthorized passion, he shows even less understanding of the quality. Carker is thinking more of his spite against Dombey than of his passion for Edith and Carker's gleaming teeth are brought into greater prominence than his love. And yet when this fawning, white-fanged fellow possessed the power of bringing two sisters to listen to his lure, he must have been something more than the transparent humbug he is represented to be.

It is noticeable that Dickens could only see in unlawful passion the vice and cunning of the seducer and the remorse and misery of the victim. The unctuous morality of the mid-Victorian age bears a certain responsibility for this, but we look to a genius to soar above the predominant qualities of his age. All transcendent minds have done so, but Dickens, far-sighted as he shows himself to be in treating such subjects as the cruelties and humbugs of the then existing Poor-Laws, cannot perceive love except in the nicely controlled embraces of the wedded pair. It is the modest little home that is ever apparent to his mind, the little expectant wife, the glowing fireside, the

work-basket with its indications of the advent of the cherubic infant. In that long procession of his inimitable creations—whose acquaintance we renew again and again with the same delight as at the first—we miss the supremely tragic figure of a great lover. It follows, of course, that we miss also the complete adorable woman. Helen of Troy (or our conception of that Helen) would have been as astonishing in an assembly of Dickensian women, as Venus of Milo in her statue's bulk would be at a modern tea party. She would have towered above and have scared all the timid, tender or roguish little girls whom Dickens loved. Shy, modest, with downcast eyes, prone to easy tears, such are the qualities of most of his young females; one cannot well find extreme fault in these characteristics of a maiden, except on the grounds of possible boredom, to which state the young lovers whom Dickens drew never seemed liable. Their love towards these pretty, shrinking creatures is mainly protective; when they offer marriage (and never till then) the damsel succumbs to the enveloping embrace and tears. Most of these damsels have loved first, but hidden their love in somewhat the same manner as the ostrich hides, which fancies it conceals itself by burying its head, quite its smallest part, in the sand; Ruth Pinch, Agnes Wickfield, Lizzie Hexam, and other maidens, play this kind of game, deceiving, one would imagine, no one who was blessed with commonsense. This is due partly to the early Victorian tradition concerning young women; and when in Dickens's pages they are not of this soft, yielding disposition, they are fierce, proud, bad-tempered (indeed they are bad-tempered and ill-mannered to a really surprising degree); they are addicted to holding forth on their unhappy fate,

or their errors in life and the awful results. "Look at me!" mutters Alice, and her half-sister Edith echoes it, only more emphatically, "Look at me! no honest heart! no love!" "Look at me," remarks Estella (whose manners are truly shocking), "Look at me!" weeps Martha, and "Look at me!" cries the enigmatical Miss Wade, and (quite crescendo), "Look at me!" screams that most unpleasant Rosa Dartle. They all say in effect: "Take warning from us, never be anything but timid, gentle, moist-eyed, never so much as flutter towards the male embrace unless absolutely assured that the male intentions are towards the wedding-ring." As a mere observer I should have thought if they had been less stony in manner and considerably less hornety, it might have been more comfortable for all concerned, quite apart from their shady or unfortunate pasts.

Beautiful, blind Madame Recamier holding the hand of her dead lover, who was not her husband, was a type incomprehensible to Charles Dickens. Neither would he have portrayed Emma (erstwhile Amy Lyon) and her still religious Nelson in their love, although he would have had great satisfaction in sketching her in her downfall, in her passion for gambling, her consequent miserable poverty and lonely end. "Here," he might have said, "is the very lesson that I have always pointed out. To be bold, to outrage the modest nunnery of home-life is to end infallibly like this—in poverty—in squalor;" only in his hands she always would have exclaimed on all possible occasions, "Don't touch me. I am not fit for you to soil your gentle hands with; I thank you for your sweet pity, but I must go my own way, for such as I am there is nothing but despair" (here she would strike her bosom and

toss back the long untidy locks of hair), "Here, here, is nothing but torture and remorse." Now in reality Lady Hamilton would have been the very last to talk in such fashion. I do not say she would not feel remorse, all of us must feel that unless we are Pecksniffs, but she would not proclaim it, she would not, as Dickens's frail ladies do, make of herself a moral signpost at life's parting of the ways. If Byron drew pictures of a hollow immorality, it must be conceded that Charles Dickens put before us in the matter of love, a somewhat shallow morality. It is observable also that he has no portraits of beautiful women of middle age, to him beauty and love were the attendants only of extreme youth. Except in the case of Harriet Carker, and she is so worn with care that she cannot be included, his women who are past youth are either foolish and fussy like Mrs. Nickleby, or wooden and unreal like Mrs. Gowan and Mrs. Merdle; horrible like Mrs. Pipchin, or queer like Betsy Trotwood, and all of them nearing the frowsy hideous old age which was all he could see left for "lovely woman" no longer young. For him there existed no Victoria Colonna, he never, as Shakespeare did, drew a heroine who was well past youth: Hermione, Cleopatra, Anne. There is no conception in Charles Dickens's works of the woman whom "age cannot wither." Thackeray dared to draw a mother as more harming if not so brilliant as her own daughter, and his Madame de Florac must have passed at least fifty years in age, but how tender a portrait her character is of a good and beautiful woman. Dickens seemed to realize nothing more profound than the pairing of youth. Was he himself capable of a stupendous passion? Did he, in youth, or middle age, ever feel more deeply for a woman

than his own Herbert Pocket, or John Rokesmith, or John Westlock? The opportunity might have been lacking, and it is not necessary for the man who depicts a murder to have committed it, nor for the author of *Juliet and Romeo* to have slain himself for love, but it is from the inward vision of such possibilities that an artist alone can draw. The insight, like the gift of prophecy, must be in the man. And of love I think Charles Dickens found no echo in his own breast. Affection, tenderness, constancy, these handmaidens of the mistress were his familiars, but to the tremendous divinity herself he never approached. And because he has only drawn budding husbands and wives, and not lovers, he is going out of favor with the younger generations, his readers are even now the young, who have as yet no thought of love, or the old, who have lost sight of the passionate moments of their past. And women naturally resent his limited view of their existence. To be no more than the pale beacon to some adventuring jolly male is not their fullest idea of all that life holds for them, and certainly his pictures of advancing years can only repel them. It is noticeable that the mothers, who would probably prove kind, personable, and reasonable die in his pages, generally in giving birth to an unfortunate child. One might have imagined that Lucille's mother would be a woman growing old without frightfulness, but she is put away in the tomb before we can catch sight of her; so is little Dorrit's mother, and small Dombey's also; they do not exist, only foolish, tender-hearted Mama Meagles and drooping ineffectual Mrs. Murdstone and their like.

I do not find within the volumes of Charles Dickens any great lovers, nor any noble, enduring wedded love. I cannot accept Mr. and Mrs. Boffin as



exceptions, their simplicity is the chief link in their affection for each other, the strongest quality they share is their beautiful attachment to John Harmon. Then the Doctor and his weeping kneeling young wife (with her mother as Devil's Advocate in the background) love each other, but they are less lifelike than any persons Dickens ever presented to us. She does not cry "Look at me!" or harshly strike her bosom, because she is very meek and downcast, but she is quite as tiresome with her reiterated "Hear me, Husband," and her hand laid prettily over her correctly-beating heart. In conclusion, it remains a matter of amazement that an artist with a mind nimble to catch pictorial impressions, as he was, so that London is more Dickensian to us than Londonian; so keen to dart on characteristics, so intolerant of all that he deemed humbug, so aglow with all that he judged to be sincere, noble, christian—that he could pour out for us these numerous pages of his quick imagination, and yet, at the same time,

The Dickensian.

that he should have a myopic vision of that passion which, rightly or wrongly, has determined the joy or misery of this old world ever since the first man endured seven laborious years for the sake of love. One can rest assured that the "Song of Solomon" was a book that Charles Dickens did not read without feeling moral discomfort and puritanic disapproval. He is like a dexterous watchmaker who puts together to his own satisfaction a watch of exquisite workmanship, but who (with a dim dislike of such things) refuses to complete it with the main-spring. We admire the watch, we take it out again and again to look at it, we point out its values to our friends—but we do not count our heart beats by it, it will not record the throbbings of our pulse when we are in love's fever. The great Victorian moralist could not comprehend or describe the Passion of Love, but the fierce inexorable Florentine moralist could and did do so. The giant had the larger vision.

Arthur Hood.

## THE RED BOX

[*Author's Note.*—Though written in a humorous vein, this story is founded on fact.]

His Excellency was on tour. His Excellency was in a hurry. He was traveling by hammock, and his presence at his capital on a certain date was imperative. His movements should have corresponded with a carefully drawn up time-table; but they did not. Consequently his progress was one continual rush and scamper in the endeavor to make up for lost time.

His staff, which included three white

officials besides his Private Secretary, were thoroughly sick of the tour. They were tired of the continued hurry; they would have liked a little rest, and a little shooting at the out-of-the-way places they arrived at. But His Excellency's meteoric career gave them no chance of either.

In a land where there are few or no railways, no roads, and where the tsetse fly forbids vehicular traffic, such a tour provides the kings and the chiefs of the country with their one chance of seeing the man who rules them. They make dashes upon him as he goes, in the hope

of being able to cut him off and inflict their grievances upon him. The mid-day halt beneath the bough, the cup of tea beside a shady stream, is interrupted by a shrieking of horns, a banging of drums, a terrific fusillade of flint-locks, as some monarch, breathless but noisy, approaches, anxious to show his loyalty and prefer his complaints, the latter in nine cases out of ten involving the conduct of a neighboring potentate. West African kings are dotted thickly all over the map, and they are always at odds; indeed, more often than not, before the monarch has settled matters with the Governor, the drums and horns of the brother king are heard in the distance, as he too hurries up hot-foot to put forward his complaint against the man, who now holds the Governor's ear.

All this means loss of time when you are tied to schedule, and loss of time means still further hurry. On the present tour the complaints and squabbles had been unending, and had turned what ought to have been a pleasant and leisurely journey into one of continuous rush, with every chance of not reaching the coast in time to catch the steamer which was to take them back to headquarters.

Late one evening, on camping near a little native town pleasantly situated at the foot of some hills, the Private Secretary was bathing his aching feet in his india-rubber bath and congratulating himself that the next march would be in the direction of the coast, and that a few more days would see them on board ship, when he was imperatively summoned to the Governor's presence. He found His Excellency in deep converse with a smart conceited-looking young native, the king of the town, who carried a showy green silk umbrella, of which he was evidently extremely proud.

To his very great surprise, instead of being ordered to prepare for an early march in the morning, as soon as the jaded hammock men could travel, the Secretary was informed that the Governor meant to stay where he was all the next day. To his strong remonstrances that they were far behind their itinerary, and that only forced marches could get them to the sea in time for the boat, His Excellency turned a deaf ear, and the puzzled Secretary went away to inform the other members of the staff, who received the news with bewilderment, being quite at sea as to why they were to suffer this further inconvenience.

But after a dinner, not very appetizing, for the Governor's cook was hard put to it to keep pace with his master's movements, and many loads were in the rear, His Excellency explained.

"I do not know, gentlemen," he said, "if you are aware that we are now on hallowed ground? Many years ago the king of this village, in conjunction with the king of an adjoining town a couple of miles away on the other side of the hill, inflicted upon the Ashanti people one of the few defeats they ever suffered at the hands of the coast tribes, a defeat which was on that account of the first importance. The Ashantis, who had come to raid them, retreated, and the situation was for the moment, at any rate, saved. There is a statement to that effect in the archives of Government House, though no particulars are given."

"What's the name of this king, sir?" put in the Private Secretary.

"Sackey. King Sackey," said the Governor. "The name of the other king is Mensah. King Sackey has informed me that tomorrow is the anniversary of the victory, and that it is the custom on that day to make a pilgrimage to the spot on which the

victory was won. Directly he heard that I had arrived, he approached me with the request which has made me postpone my start tomorrow. I have promised him," went on the Governor in the flowing periods that he loved, "that to show our appreciation of the tribe's bravery in the past, and of our confidence in their prowess in the future, I and my staff will attend the ceremony in person. I am aware that we are so pressed for time that nothing should delay us, but it is of the utmost importance to show sympathy with the people over whom we rule. We start, gentlemen, at nine o'clock."

"Is not the other king, King Mensah, coming, sir?" said the Chief Medical Officer.

"He is," said the Governor, "but I am informed that he will meet us at the place. He is a much older man than King Sackey, and, I understand, not so advanced. I was much struck with the intelligence of this young man."

"I suppose the old thing hadn't got a green silk umbrella," said the Secretary, taking care that the Governor should not hear him. "Very well, sir," he said with a sigh, "I will order the hammocks for nine o'clock."

"Oh, no!" said the Governor, "the carriers and hammock bearers must rest, and we shall resume our travels tomorrow evening. I must take my hammock, and King Sackey is providing me with bearers. But gentle exercise is good for you younger men. You must walk. It is but a couple of miles to the spot."

His hearers managed to suppress the chagrin they felt. But the Secretary remonstrated. "And two miles back, sir, don't forget that," he said, "and the weather is blazing."

"Never mind. A little walking will do you good," said the Governor

firmly. "We start at nine, gentlemen."

The next day the Private Secretary, the Chief Medical Officer, and the Inspector of Police mustered accordingly; but the fourth white official, the Treasurer, did not appear. His boy brought a message that his master had a little fever, and hoped His Excellency would excuse him. This the Private Secretary, who wished that he had thought of the excuse himself, explained to the Governor, who merely remarked that the Treasurer must be ready to travel that night at all events. Indeed, the arrival of the king and his subjects cut short any further discussion. They halted a couple of hundred yards away, and the king, accompanied by a stout, smiling, coal-black little native, approached the Governor, and bowed.

"The king says, sah, all is ready," said the stout little man. "If you are willing, we will go."

"Are we all here, Mr. Secretary?" called the Governor from his hammock.

"All except the Government Interpreter, sir, I can't find him. Oh, here he is!"

The Interpreter came up limping, and stated he had been stung the previous evening by a scorpion, but that he would endeavor to accompany His Excellency. But the Governor impatiently refused the offer.

"You would only incapacitate yourself for the evening's march," he said, looking at the swollen foot. "Go and rest. This man here can interpret. What is your name?" he asked the smiling little man.

"Daddy. Mr. Daddy, sir," said the man, bowing low. "I will inform the king that you have attached me to your person. I speak English well."

"Very good. Tell the king that we are now quite ready."

The king bowed and smiled, and walked back to where his litter awaited him. "That is right," said His Excellency, watching his movements, "we can proceed at once."

"And get it over," muttered the Secretary, wiping the sweat from his face.

"That's not the proper spirit," said the Governor, who overheard the remark. "We are here to do honor to a great feat of arms. Ah! the king is starting. That is well."

The king in his litter, lifted high above the heads of his people, led the van; the chiefs and elders followed. Then came the fighting men armed with flint guns; then the people of the town. Then the Governor in his hammock supported by a dozen smart Hausas; then the three white members of his staff. In front of all marched the town band, composed of drums and jingles and small horns made of elephants' teeth. Native fashion, the procession marched in single file. Thus stretched out it looked most imposing. So long was the line that the strains of the band but faintly reached the ears of the Governor and his party.

The day was very calm, and the heat terrific. The procession raised a cloud of dust through which the white men had to tramp.

"This is going to be a hot job, a very hot job," complained the Secretary to the Inspector of Police. "I hope the celebration will be worth it! The whole thing seems to me out of the common."

"Just look at the heat over the plain," interposed the Chief Medical Officer, a stout man, and nervous about his health. "And it's barely nine o'clock. The strain on one's vital organs becomes excessive, and it is dangerous to march in such heat."

"The king is not marching," said the Inspector of Police sourly. "It is a bit thick that he should ride while we

have to walk. If it weren't for the Governor I'd turn him out of his litter, and get into it myself."

"I don't like that young man," said the Secretary. "I asked for some hammock men for us three, and he said there were none. He's too smart altogether to my taste! But I have done the best I could. See that box with a bit of red cloth round it, so that it can catch the eye? It has drinks in it! The carrier has special orders not to leave me. Where that box goes, I go. Keep your eye on the red box!"

Barely visible in the distance through the gauzy heat-haze on the sun-scorched plain was a line of bushes, and dimly showing beyond them was a small range of forest clad hills. It was as uninviting a prospect as could be, and so the three white men remarked as they trudged along. West Africa does not lend itself to such expeditions, and when a mile had been traversed, they had but one idea—to return to the village and wash. All, that is, with the exception of the Governor, and he, hammock-borne, and determined to pay his compliments to a valiant if ancient feat of arms, was carried along covered with dust and perspiration.

At length the Chief Medical Officer took off his light coat and sat down upon it. "Tell the Governor," he said hoarsely, "I've stopped. I can't go on. My heart is by no means in a satisfactory state. If I am alive when you come back, you can help me home."

"You'll be better in a minute," said the Private Secretary. "You can't stay here, you'll get sunstroke. Carry on. Here, have a drink. Hi! boy! bring that red box. Soda-water and a little whiskey," he went on, opening the box. "I knew it would be useful. Where is the policeman? Oh, here he comes!"

"I missed the box," said the Inspect-



or as he arrived breathless, "and guessed you were opening it. And luckily the Governor told me just then to hurry you two fellows up. The place of the celebrations is where those bushes are. There is a river and plenty of water there."

"Hurry us, indeed," said the Chief Medical Officer, indignantly. "I can go on, I can *just* go on after that stimulant, but I will not hurry for anyone. The celebrations can be over before I get there for all I care."

"By Jove! that's delicious!" said the Inspector; "but you had better hide the box from the Governor, as he is so captious about drinking anything in the daytime. But let's get on, the old man is waiting. We aren't far off now."

Much refreshed they joined His Excellency, who, unaware of what had happened, and wearied and sun-scorch-ed himself, though still sustained by a sense of duty, was rather surprised at their cheerfulness. They proceeded without another check, but the day was so exhausting to black as well as white, that it was noon before the river was reached, and the king, descending from his hammock, approached the dusty Governor.

"If you please, sah," said the fat little interpreter with a smile which showed two magnificent rows of teeth, "the king says that this is the place. Here at the water the enemy met defeat. Here were they overcome. And here is the ceremony performed. If you are ready, sah, the king is ready."

"But, Mr. Daddy—if that is your name—I understood that we were to be met here by the other king. I do not see him. Where is he?" said the Governor.

"King Sackey bids me say, sah, that he has just heard that King Mensah is sick and cannot come," said Mr. Daddy, whose smile grew still more broad, if

indeed that were possible. "But it is King Sackey who cares most about the brave deeds which have gone by—not King Mensah who is old and silly—and has asked Your Excellency to give this ceremony the light of your countenance."

The Governor looked annoyed. "That may be so," he said. "But King Mensah ought to have come, unless he is very ill. Has no one come from him?"

"He has sent one man, sah," said Mr. Daddy, and he pointed to an elderly, dignified man dressed in a white robe, who stood a little apart from the others.

"I shall have a message to send to King Mensah by him!" said the Governor. "Now, where am I and my party to sit?"

"A place is put for you here, sah," said Mr. Daddy, and with great politeness, he ushered the Governor to where half a dozen large native stools had been placed under the shade of some bushes.

The white men seated themselves and looked round them. A pretty, cheerful brook, fringed with bushes, ran past their feet, to enter again the forest from which it had emerged, many miles away. Where they were sitting it had formed a largish pool through which the current ran gently; elsewhere the brook was never more than eight feet wide. Though the plain was drab and dusty, the parti-colored clothes of the natives and the white helmets and red fezzes of the Hausas furnished plenty of color. To the somewhat sentimental Governor it seemed a not unappropriate setting for the ceremony.

With a bow the king, followed by his people, crossed the stream and clustered on the further side of the pool. Each chief and elder had brought his stool, and they sat in a long semicircle facing the Governor. To the extreme

right, and a dozen yards apart, sat the emissary sent by the old king.

When everybody had settled himself, and there was quiet, a signal was given, and Mr. Daddy announced that the first item of the proceedings would be a display of gun-fire.

It was quite evident that on the present occasion the rite performed was to serve as a test of manhood, as well as to make the greatest possible amount of noise. Man after man came forward into the cleared space which lay between the king and the water's edge, and there fired off his huge flint-lock gun. Though only loaded with powder the feat was not unattended with danger both to the celebrant and the spectator, for he who fired off the biggest charge and therefore made the most noise, even at the risk of bursting his weapon, was held to have done best, and was applauded. The white men watched with interest and alarm as the excitement and emulation caused the charges, already dangerous, to be increased, and congratulated themselves that the pool divided them from the warriors.

At last one young man advanced holding a giant flint-lock that might have served as a weapon for a Goliath. It was evidently charged to the muzzle, for the youth betrayed great trepidation, as indeed he well might; he advanced to the edge of the stream, followed by female relatives who fanned him and sprinkled him with water. The Governor's party watched him anxiously. For long he hesitated, and then, shamed by the reproaches of his friends, he shut both eyes tight and pulled the trigger, firing from his hip, for he could not lift the great weapon to his shoulder. The gun hung fire, the powder fizzled in the pan; the young man's nerve gave way, he shrieked and dropped the gun. The Governor gave a hurried exclamation and rose to flee,

when the flint-lock went off with a roar like a howitzer, jumping a yard in the air. But the man who made that gas-pipe barrel had known his work. It did not burst, and the Governor resumed his seat, mopping his forehead and remarking upon the dangers of promiscuous gun-fire; while the young man hid from the reproaches of his friends among the crowd.

"That, Your Excellency," said Mr. Daddy, who had stationed himself behind the Governor, "concludes the show of gun-fire. Now comes the king's speech, then comes a dance. The finish will be by all the guns firing together."

"I shall not be able to wait for that," said the Governor, hurriedly, "but I will reply to the speech. Tell him to proceed."

"I thought it was all over with us," remarked the Inspector of Police, "when that gun dropped. A burst would have done as much damage as a shell."

"No wonder they managed to kill all the Ashantis," said the Private Secretary. "I should think those were the very guns they used!"

"Pray, gentlemen, be quiet!" said the Governor. "The king is beginning his speech. Be careful of the translation, Mr. Daddy."

The king spoke in a low voice, and fluently. His words were shouted aloud by his linguist and translated into English by Mr. Daddy for the Governor's benefit. They were received by the crouching people in dead silence, uninterrupted save by an occasional, deep-toned "Yo" of assent.

He reminded his hearers of what had happened in the past, of how they had defied the great Ashanti power; how a force had been sent against them. Then he went into metaphor, as is customary among the peoples of the coast.

"As the bees in the tree, as the ants in their habitation, the locusts in the field, so were they beyond number. As the leaves upon a dead tree, so were we," declaimed the linguist. "As the leopard leaps from the forest on his prey, so did they. As the porcupine sharpens his spears and defies him, so did we. Lo! to the water they came, and no further. There did our fathers meet them, there were they left along the banks of the river. They came no further. On the plain there were none."

The Governor leant back on his stool, and closed his eyes. He could picture the scene. The Ashantis issuing by night from the glades of the forest, the quiet brook on its way to the sea, the men few but desperate, crouched among the bushes. The roaring of the great Dane guns as the ambush opened fire; then the battle and the bewildered enemy fleeing. The triumphant return of the victors, doubtless bearing with them their dead, in the heavy dawn. The first of the despised coast tribes to defeat the lords of the forest.

With a burst of eloquence the king finished amidst a low hum of approval from his subjects. The Governor roused himself, rose from his chair, and lifted his hand for silence; the speech had been imposing and his enthusiasm was genuine.

Mr. Daddy touched him on the arm. "There is one thing more, sah," he said, "before this part is finished."

The representative of the absent king, who had sat unmoved through the king's speech, now stepped forward into the cleared space. Then he drew from beneath his cloak a white cock, and with one stroke of a sharp knife decapitated it. Then he sprinkled the blood on the ground near the pool. And then, amidst universal silence, he resumed his seat.

"That man's a fetish priest," said

the Secretary under his breath. "I wonder what he did that for."

"Now, sah," said the interpreter to the Governor, "the people would like to hear your speech."

The Governor possessed a deep flowing style, and was enthusiastic. The people listened and applauded his periods as rendered into the vernacular by Mr. Daddy. They hummed approval at his references to the might of Britain, which he pointed out was upheld by such deeds as the one they were now celebrating; they hummed approval of his full-blooded appreciation of those now since long dead who dared to withstand the great Ashanti power; they hummed approval louder and deeper when he adjured them to be no less valiant in case of need than were their forefathers. And then, after twenty minutes fiery speech, he too reached his peroration.

"As ye did before, so will ye do again. See that ye prove yourselves not unworthy of your ancestors. If the occasion arise, let the deeds of the past make strong your arms. So shall ye conquer, even as your fathers conquered, and let not the remembrance of that great deed be ever forgotten amongst you." So declaimed His Excellency and the smiling little Mr. Daddy followed him *ore rotundo*.

The Governor ceased speaking, wiped his glasses, and waited for the applause, which came in a great clapping of hands and a universal humming. He felt greatly pleased: there was no doubt that his little speech had been most successful. He felt that the delay to his progress had been justified.

"And now," he said, smiling and bowing to the king, "I and my staff must go. I trust the people will not forget what I have said."

"If you please, sah," said Mr. Daddy, "there is now a dance, and after

that all the guns will fire together. But as you are in a hurry the king will order all the guns to fire first, so that you may hear them before you go."

"On no account! On no account whatever!" said His Excellency. "I am quite satisfied with what I have seen. I will leave the people to finish their rejoicings. Come, gentlemen!" he said, turning to his staff, "if you are ready, we will be off. The heat is great, and we shall have to go back to our camp very slowly."

He was right. It was one o'clock, and the hottest part of the day. He already looked quite exhausted, and the Secretary, who shuddered as he surveyed the baking plain, approached him.

"Would you not like a small whiskey and soda, sir?" he said diffidently. "I know you object to taking anything in the daytime, but, seeing how exhausting the day was likely to be, I thought it wiser to bring something in case of need. It is in that box. It was fortunate I brought it, for the Chief Medical Officer nearly collapsed."

"Thank you," said His Excellency after a slight hesitation; "this is an exceptional occasion, and perhaps I——"

"Tell that carrier to bring that box here, Mr. Daddy, will you?" said the Secretary, "and be careful how he puts it down."

The man approached and lifted the box from his head gingerly, making a remark as he did so.

"This carrier says," explained Mr. Daddy genially, "that he is frightened. The box has twice shot at him, and each time it has poured water on his head."

"Bottles burst," said the Secretary, "and I don't wonder! I hope, sir, there are some left, and I haven't offered you something that I can't supply."

There was only one bottle of soda intact, which of course was quite hot.

But after dipping it in the pool, the resultant mixture was enough to refresh His Excellency greatly, who, thanking his Secretary, walked towards his hammock, a short distance away.

"There is enough for a drink for each of us if we get some water from the river," said the Secretary. "Come on quickly! And there is one over. Here, Mr. Daddy, you've been doing all the work, would you like a drink, or are you a teetotaler?"

Mr. Daddy, who by reason of the heat and geniality shone as though he had been varnished, stretched out his hand, took the glass and swallowed the contents straight off without waiting to add any water to it.

"Mr. Daddy's not a teetotaler!" remarked the Inspector. "That was a stiff nip on a day like this!"

"I thank you, sah," said Mr. Daddy, handing back the glass. "That was salubrious."

"Come on, you two!" said the Chief Medical Officer. The Governor is saying good-bye to the king. He'll be off in a minute."

They joined His Excellency, who, having shaken the king warmly by the hand, was in the act of climbing into his hammock, when he suddenly stopped short.

"I wish to speak with the man who was sent by King Mensah," he said, "Mr. Daddy, kindly fetch him."

The interpreters ran cheerfully away, and quickly returned with the man in question. He was a grave and taciturn person, and took no notice of the people round him, but bowed low to the Governor.

"Be good enough to ask him, Mr. Daddy," said the Governor, "if his master is *very* ill that he was unable to attend this interesting ceremony to which I myself have come at a great personal inconvenience."



Mr. Daddy spoke volubly to the man, who replied at some length. Before he could translate, the king laid his hand on his shoulder, and checked him. There was a jabber of voices; then some of the elders came up and joined in what soon became a fierce dispute.

The Governor waited for a few minutes, and then lost his temper. "What is all this about?" he said angrily. "Do you hear me speaking, Mr. Daddy?"

"There is something wrong, sir," said the Secretary. "I don't believe the king will allow Mr. Daddy to interpret the man's answer."

The dispute grew louder and more angry. The Police Inspector called up the Governor's Hausa escort, and ordered them to keep an eye on the hammock-men. Then, entering the throng, he pulled Mr. Daddy out, and led him up to the Governor, who was now white with anger.

"Push the people back," said the Inspector to a couple of the Hausas, "and bring King Mensah's emissary here."

At length peace was restored, and the Governor and his party found themselves the center of a ring of curious faces.

"Now then, Mr. Daddy!" said the Governor, controlling his temper with an effort, "perhaps you will have the goodness to inform me what that man said in answer to my question."

Instead of replying, Mr. Daddy burst into a foolish and unseemly laugh. The whiskey he had just drunk had been more powerful than the liquor to which he was accustomed; his natural bonhomie was doubled, his awe of the Governor had faded. He laughed heartily.

"Ho! ho!" he chuckled, "this man's a fool. And the old king is a fool too. It does not matter what he says."

"Did you give this unfortunate man anything to drink?" said the Governor sharply, turning on the Secretary.

"There was just a little in the bottom of the bottle, sir," stammered the Secretary. "I had no idea it would affect him in this way. I—I——"

The Governor checked him with a gesture. "If you don't interpret properly," he said to Mr. Daddy, who was smiling amiably at him, "I shall take you with me to the coast, and you shall answer my questions there. What does this man say?"

Mr. Daddy was momentarily awed by the Governor's manner. "This man says, sah," he answered, "that his master is not ill at all."

"Not ill?" repeated His Excellency. "What do you mean?"

"Shall I tell you all about it?" remarked Mr. Daddy in a confidential tone. "It be this way. King Mensah, he never come to this custom. That makes this young king angry, for he likes to make a noise and have a big palaver."

"Go on!" said the Governor curtly. "What else?"

"That's all," said Mr. Daddy, suddenly checking himself.

"That is not all," said the Governor. "Ask the man why it is that his master does not attend the ceremony; unless you are able to tell me yourself. And be careful what you say."

"It's a great pity we did not bring our own interpreter," remarked the Chief Medical Officer.

"The fact is," said Mr. Daddy, dropping his hat, "the old King Mensah does not approve of killing the Ashantis. He is a silly old man."

The Governor stared at Mr. Daddy. "Not approve! What do you mean? Would he rather that the Ashantis had killed his own people? No doubt a great many of them *were* killed."

"Oh, no, sah. None of these people get killed," said Mr. Daddy.

An inspiration came to the Inspector.

"How did the people kill the Ashantis?" he asked suddenly.

Mr. Daddy looked at the Governor, then at the king, and then at the envoy who was still standing undisturbed and aloof. Then in a cheerful voice he said, "Poisoned 'em!"

For a moment there was a dead and awful silence. The Governor's eyebrows and beard positively bristled as he glared at the smiling little black man. The Police Inspector pulled his moustache, and the Chief Medical Officer looked steadily at the ground. The tension was broken by a chuckle from the Secretary, which he vainly tried to turn into a cough. But before the Governor could give vent to his feelings, Mr. Daddy, on whose bemused mind it dawned that His Excellency was not quite as appreciative of the humor of the business as he could have wished, began hurriedly to explain.

"It be this way, sah. When the Ashantis come against the people who live here and in King Mensah's town, a long time ago, the people know they get no chance. So they go to the river, and make that wide place so that the water stop there, and not run away, and put strong poison in. Then they all go home again, and go to sleep. When the Ashantis come along, they be very thirsty, and they drink and drink. Then they swell and run up and down, and go pop, and——"

"That's enough!" snapped His Excellency. "Be good enough to leave out the details of this ghastly affair."

"Ho! yes," said Mr. Daddy. "It was strong poison! When the people from the villages go back, they find the Ashantis lying all about. All swollen like——"

"Will you be quiet?" interrupted the infuriated Governor.

"Ho! yes, strong poison," chuckled Mr. Daddy. "Everything went off

very well, sah. Very well! None of this people get hurt. Oh, dear me, no! Not one!"

"Even now," said the Governor in a suppressed voice, "I do not understand how it is that King Mensah will not attend this er—er—ceremony. I am glad you can treat this matter as a joke, Mr. Secretary," he said, turning a cold eye on the Secretary, who was trying to stifle his mirth.

"King Mensah not come because he be a silly old man," said Mr. Daddy loudly. "He say it not right to poison the water. It not fair fight. And so he won't come. And he send this man," and he pointed derisively at the envoy, "to make sacrifice to appease the ghosts of the people who were poisoned. Your Excellency see him cut the head off the cock? It all silly rubbish! But the old king will *have* to come now. He will be ashamed of himself, and all the people will laugh at him, and that will please this young king, who hate him. He can't stop away any more. Ho! no."

"And why not?" demanded the Governor.

Mr. Daddy, whom the hospitality of the Secretary, combined with the heat and excitement, had rendered reckless, laughed cheerfully. "Because this man will go back to his master and tell him that the Governor has been to the ceremony, and made fine speech, and say it is all right, a fine thing to have done, and we must do it again if we can. Ho! no, he can't stop away no more." And Mr. Daddy stopped and smiled affably.

The expression on the Governor's face was so alarming that the king and chiefs who had been watching and listening uneasily instinctively drew away. They had not understood what was being said, but it was clear that all was not well.

"And do you mean to tell me," said the Governor slowly, "that I, the Gov-

error of the Colony, the representative of the King of England, have been brought here at great personal inconvenience to give my sanction to an act of dastardly treachery? It is incredible! Utterly incredible!"

"That old king be an old fool," said Mr. Daddy confidentially. "This young king be right. I——"

"How dare you speak to me in that manner!" burst out the Governor, unable any longer to contain his wrath. "Bring King Mensah's envoy here, and don't you dare to interpret one word more or less than I say!"

Cowed for the moment, Mr. Daddy beckoned to the envoy, who approached and stood before the Governor.

"Now tell him, Mr. Daddy," said His Excellency, "that I, the Governor of the Colony, have a message to send him king."

Mr. Daddy spoke to the man, who bowed low. "I have told him that, sah," he said.

"Say to him, that he is to tell his master, that I, the Governor, have been brought here under entirely false pretences. Had I known the facts of the case, I should have taken the same attitude as he has done. And speak louder, that all may hear what I am saying."

That Mr. Daddy was translating truly was evident from the look of satisfaction on the face of the envoy, and dismay on the faces of the young king and his followers.

"I have told him, sah."

"Tell him that there are certain deeds that are not honorable and the use of poison is one of them. I am glad that King Mensah realizes that no decent man would be capable of resorting to such methods. That is all I have to say to him, but tell him to be careful to deliver my message truly. He may go now."

"The messenger thanks you, sah, and says he will take your words to his master," said Mr. Daddy, "and he will go at once."

"Let him go before any distorted version of this affair can get about," ordered the Governor. And with a bow the envoy departed.

"And now," said His Excellency, when the man had pushed through the throng and disappeared, "I have a few words to say to the young man who has put me in this position. Tell King Sackey to come here, Mr. Daddy."

"I am much struck with the intelligence of this man," murmured the Secretary to the Inspector of Police. The Governor fortunately did not hear him.

The king, still grasping his green silk umbrella, approached delicately. When within a few yards of the Governor, he met the cold gray eye, and saw the bristling white beard, his face blanched to a muddy yellow. He stopped short, shivered, and then throwing aside his green umbrella, turned and sped across the plain.

There was a pause of bewilderment, and then his people followed him hot-foot. Gun-men, townsfolk, band, all streamed after him. For one moment Mr. Daddy hesitated, then followed too. His Excellency was left alone with his own party and the four hammock-men, whom the foresight of the Inspector had prevented from fleeing.

"The king has the lead," cried the Secretary, peering from under his hand, "but the next man's running him pretty close. There's one down! Mr. Daddy, of course."

"Rather a turning of the tables," said the Chief Medical Officer. "Our arrival on the eve of this celebration gave that young king a chance of scoring off the old one. An opportunity his audacity took full advantage of. But

I fancy before long, he'll be sorry for himself."

"I disliked that young man at first sight," said the Secretary, "but his little scheme is blown upon. Thanks to the red box. Had it not been for that, Mr. Daddy would not have given the *The Cornhill Magazine*.

business away."

"No discussion, if you please, gentlemen!" said the Governor sharply. "I do not wish to hear any further remarks on the subject. We return at once to the camp. At six o'clock we shall begin our journey to the sea."

*W. H. Adams.*

## THE IRISH SOLDIER

People in this country have grown so accustomed to the part played by the Irish regiments in the modern history of the British Army that they have not quite realized the amazing fact that this is the first war in history in which the Irish soldier has fought as an Irishman on the same side as England. If one were writing the military history of the Irish people, one would have to describe a great many more battles in which the Irish fought against the English than those in which they have fought side by side with them. First, they fought for the independence of their country in Ireland itself: when this was no longer possible, after the triumph of King William III, they continued to fight against England in any country which would accept their services. The Wild Geese, as they were called, who sailed away with Sarsfield from the ruins of Limerick were perhaps the most noted and the most romantic soldiers of fortune who ever fought over the European battlefields of the eighteenth century. They distinguished themselves in France, in Spain, in Italy, and in Austria, and their fame is the best, if the most barren, part of their country's history during that time. If the Irish in Ireland thrilled in those days at the names of Blenheim, Ramillies, Cremona, Landen, and Fontenoy,

it was because of the deeds accomplished there by Irishmen in the armies of European monarchs. Not that all Irishmen fought on the same side. After the Williamites had taken Limerick at the close of a resistance of splendid memories—Limerick, which James's French allies assured him could not withstand a bombardment with roasted apples—the Irish regiments were marched up to a banner with the instruction that those who were willing to enter the English army should at that point wheel to the right, while those who preferred to sail away into exile should wheel in the opposite direction. The great majority of the soldiers preferred exile to submission, but a number of them went under the English colors, with the result that practically every war in which England was engaged through the eighteenth century was a civil war so far as the Irish were concerned. But the soldiers who fought for France and other European countries felt that they were fighting for Ireland as the soldiers in the service of England did not. The latter were the real soldiers of fortune. The others were conscious, at least, of a sort of second-best patriotism. Sarsfield, when he was lying fatally wounded on the field of Landen, cried: "Oh, that this were for Ireland!"—a cry which has remained in the Irish



imagination as the dying words, real or supposed, of Nelson and Pitt have remained in the English imagination. But none the less, it was not without bitterness that the Irish soldiers in the service of France found themselves fighting again and again against their countrymen in the English ranks. Thus at Fontenoy, where the Irish soldiers turned the day against the English in such a way as to draw from George II (unless the story is only a myth) the exclamation: "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!" some of the soldiers in the Irish Brigade were found in tears after the battle. When they were asked why, having fought so nobly, they were now melancholy, they replied that what they had done they would do again, but "it was hard they should have to fight against their own countrymen, some of them even relatives." "To divert attention, therefore, from this sad episode," said the Irishman who described it, "the band were ordered to play up 'Patrick's Day,' when the men instantly started, shouted a 'Hurrah for old Ireland!' and were as alert and ready for a row as ever."

Nor does the broader-minded type of Englishman in those days seem to have resented the Irish practice of enlisting in the European armies. The Irish of the days of William and James were, as Macaulay says, detested as foreigners, but they were regarded apparently by many Englishmen as having, at least, the rights of foreigners. An Anglo-Irishman like Swift wrote to the Chevalier Wogan, famous for his squiring of the Princess Maria Clementina; "I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves, by their valor and conduct, in so many parts of Europe

I think, above all other nations." So true-blue an English Tory as Dr. Johnson enjoyed dining with Colonel Dromgold in Paris—"a very high man, sir, head of L'Ecole Militaire, a most complete character, for he had been first Professor of Rhetoric, and then became a soldier." This vindicator of the Irish at Fontenoy was also a friend of Burke, and he was praised by Lord Lyttelton in lines including this couplet:

Tho' now thy valor, to thy country lost,  
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's  
host.

These Irish exiles, indeed, fought with courtesy as well as with courage—like Colonel O'Mahony, as he tried at Cremona to save the life of the Baron de Freiberg, who had sworn to "perish or crush the Irish." Freiberg, in the impetuosity of the charge, arrived in the ranks of the Irish, when O'Mahony, anxious to save the life of a brave enemy, rushed forward and caught his bridle, crying, "Good quarter for M. de Freiberg!" But we are told that the Austrian cried out in answer: "This is no day for clemency, only do your duty and I'll do mine!" and fought his way forward till he was shot. Thus the present war is by no means the first in which Irish soldiers have faced Germans, and we are told that an Irish air survives to commemorate that day, called *The Day We Beat the Germans at Cremona*. And so the record goes on till the days of the French Revolution and Napoleon, under whose banner Wolfe Tone and Miles Byrne, and many another famous Irishman, enlisted themselves. It was the Duke of Wellington who said of Wolfe Tone that he had come near being as fatal an enemy to England as Hannibal had been to Rome.

It is important that this background of Irish history should be remembered

by all who want to understand the spirit of the Irish soldier in the present war. We do not wish unduly to romanticise him. We may admit that he has entered the British Army in many cases through hunger, in many as the cheapest form of emigration and adventure, and for a host of other muddled reasons. But, so far as the present war is concerned, Irish soldiers are fighting as Irish patriots in a way in which they never fought before. They do not echo Sarsfield's cry, "Oh, that this were for Ireland!" Apparently, they take the view that, in defeating the Germans as at Cremona, they actually are fighting for Ireland. The chaplain of an Irish regiment, writing after the first battle of Ypres, described a dying soldier whom he attended. "His side was torn with shrapnel, and he lay in a pool of blood. After being attended to spiritually, he raised his hand and exclaimed, 'My life for old Ireland!'" Nor is this an isolated example of conscious Irish patriotism—patriotism which is always so much more self-conscious in tragic than in successful countries. It was not many weeks before the outbreak of the war that the Irish Guards were reprimanded for singing *God Save Ireland* as Mr. Redmond passed the barracks in Birdcage Walk. But they sang the same song—a song celebrating the three Fenians who were hanged at Manchester in 1867—as they charged the Germans at Mons. No doubt, they varied their music with "Early doors, this way" and the other comic audacities of the battlefield. But the evidence of the National spirit of the Irish troops in crisis after crisis of the present war, in addition to their gaiety, fidelity, and daring is overwhelming. One oddly rhetorical letter from the front from a Corporal in the Irish Guards shows how a flamboyant national spirit

can coexist in the breast of an Irish soldier alongside an equally flamboyant Imperialism:

We are British soldiers, and proud of the name and proud to belong to the great British Empire, but in doing our duty for the glory and honor of the Empire we have always also in our minds to add, if we can, more lustre to the fair name of Erin. Our flag of green with the harp and shamrock and the words "Erin Go Bragh" is now faded and torn, but still loved and cherished. Talking about that dear old flag, I shall endeavor to describe how, at—, when the fate of the day seemed to waver in the balance, when the ruthless enemy by sheer weight of numbers was pressing onward at every point of vantage, that faded flag turned a threatened defeat into decisive victory. On our left were the Munsters, on our right the Leinsters and Connaught Rangers. All were hard pressed, and were about to retire, when suddenly from the firing line one of our comrades rushed out flourishing the old green flag and shouting "Erin Go Bragh." With the blood coursing fast through my veins, I watched with pride and admiration the marvellous effect produced by these simple words. With a mighty cheer that seemed to rend the heavens, and that rose and swelled even above the din of battle, those hard-pressed sons of Erin charged down on the advancing enemy with fixed bayonets. The Germans were completely staggered by this unexpected turn of events when victory seemed just within their grasp, but they were given little time for hesitation, for, to slightly alter the words of a well-known Irish ballad:

*Like lions leaping at a fold,  
When mad with hunger's pang,  
Right up against the German lines  
Those Irish heroes sprang.*

The Germans turned and fled in all directions, completely routed and wholly disorganized. Such was the

effect on the Irish Guards of the sight of their old green flag and the cry of "Erin Go Bragh":

This letter which we quote from Mr. James Milne's admirable compilation, *The War Stories of Private Thomas Atkins*, is exactly on a level with a letter recently published from an Irish Sergeant, a prisoner in Germany, describing the failure of the German attempt to persuade the Irish prisoners to enlist in a special Irish brigade. He said that his men in reply sang first "God Save the King," and then "A Nation Once Again"—another national song recalling the Sarsfields and the heroes of the Irish.

Of the courage of the Irish troops both in Gallipoli and in Flanders, though Mr. Redmond has complained that it has been insufficiently recognized at headquarters, it is almost superfluous to speak. Not that it is more wonderful than English or French or Scottish or German courage. But the courage of the various nations is probably different in kind. Mr. Valentine Williams, in his new book, *With Our Army in Flanders*, writes: "The British soldiers' indifference to danger, while it is one of his finest qualities, is often the despair of his officers. The Irish regiments are the worst. Their recklessness is proverbial." And the daring of the Irish (10th) Division at Gallipoli has been as notable. Captain Thornhill, of the New Zealand forces, has borne witness to it in a letter to an Irishman:

Your Irish fellows are the talk of the whole army. To me the last few weeks have been one long nightmare. . . But I must make you wise in regard to the doings of the Irish. Most of them, I believe, are "freshies." The Empire can do with a heap more "freshies" of  
The New Statesman.

the Irish brand. Their landing at Suvla Bay was the greatest thing that you will ever read of in books by high-brows. Those who witnessed the advance will never forget it. Bullets and shrapnel rained on 'em, yet they never wavered. Officers got it here, there, everywhere, but the men never wavered. . . . God! the men were splendid. The way they took the hill (now called Dublin Hill) was the kind of thing that would make you pinch yourself to prove it wasn't a cheap wine aftermath. How they got there heaven only knows. As the land lay, climbing into hell on an aeroplane seemed an easier proposition than taking that hill.

And, if the legend of Irish daredevilry has not been destroyed by the war, neither has the legend of the Irish bull. Irishmen, as is well known, make bulls as a rule not unconsciously, but deliberately, and a soldier's letter quoted by Mr. Milne contains an amusing specimen:

Pat Ryan, of the Connaught Rangers, thought he ought to do something to celebrate his birthday, which fell on Friday week. Without telling a soul he went out of the trenches in the afternoon, and came back after dusk with two big Germans in tow. How or where he got them nobody knows. The captain asked how he managed to catch the two. "Sure and I surrounded them, sorr," was the answer.

But this side of the human nature of the Irishman is never in danger of being overlooked. Perhaps, even the human nature of the Irishman as a patriot—which used to be derisively written "pathriot"—is in less danger of being overlooked now than at any time in history. Still, Mr. Redmond's last speech in the House of Commons contained a warning against this happening. We hope it will be heeded.

## THE INGRATITUDE OF PRIVATE WILLOCKS

SCENE.—*Behind the firing line somewhere near "Wipers." Various Tommies scattered about in picturesque attitudes.*

*Enter Private Bert Willocks, late wounded, now returned to the front.*

*Chorus.* "Ooray!" "'Ere we are again!" "Our Bertie!" "Room for the wounded 'ero!" etc., etc.

*Private Greens.* An' w'ere 'ave you bin, eh?

*Private Willocks* (a trifle embarrassed). Oh, well, tell ye the truth, I bin down at the Countess's for a bit.

[*Derisive and profane chorus.*]

*Private Greens* (truculently). Wot Countess?

*Private Willocks.* Countess o' Sandown. Nice place down Sa'sbury way.

*Private Greens* (struggling to cram a patent tobacco cartridge into an undersized clay pipe). Wot was you doin' there?

*Private Willocks* (with an attempt at bravado). Wot would I be doin', Vegetable? Con-vale-escin'.

*Private Greens* (objectionably). Con-valescin', was you? Strike me pink, an' what had yer folks done, eh?

*Private Mule* (Company humorist). Oh, come orf it, Cabbage: you're be-'ind the times, you are. Ain't you never 'eard o' our Bert's family, eh? Long-lost heir maskyradin' as a privit . . . romance of the trenches. Wot?

*Private Willocks* (uneasily). Cheese it, Moke. It wasn't none o' my doin'. (*Darkly*) They come for me—to th' 'orspital.

*Private Greens.* They must 'a' bin 'ard up. Wasn't there no orf'cers 'andy?

*Private Mule.* They thought as 'e was a orf'cer. W'en they sees 'is moustache they says—

*Private Willocks* (roused by sore sub-

ject). 'Ere, that'll do. Wot d'ye all want to start on a chap for? I can't 'elp 'avin bin at a bloomin Countess's, can I?

*Corporal Jebb.* Well, never mind about the Countess. 'Ow did ye find old Ginger an' the girls?

*Private Willocks.* Well, tell ye the truth, didn't 'appen t' see Ginger, some'ow.

*Corporal Jebb, Private Greens and Mule, ensemble.* Wot!

*Private Willocks.* Well, wot abaht it, eh?

*Private Greens.* Nor yet the girls neither, I suppose?

*Private Willocks* (still trying to carry it off). Neither I did. Leastways—(*gives way*). Look 'ere, boys, don't be 'ard on a chap. I'll tell ye 'ow it was—strite. We was goin' along in the motor (*attempted interruption by Private Mule suppressed*), bein' taken from th' 'orspital like, an' I looks up sudden like, an' there was Liza standin' on the pavement wavin' 'er 'and. "'I, Bert," says she, "arf a mo'." An' Lady Eva Bles-singham, she was at the wheel, an' she turns an' says, "That an admirer o' yours?" an' I couldn't say nothin' for a 'alf-mile or so, seein' Liza suddenlike like that. An' at last I says, "Yes, Miss," says I, "that's a fair peach, that is—that's a bit o' all right"; an' next minute I could ha' bitten my tongue orf. "Oh, re-ally," says she like that, nice and agreeable. Rotten it was o' me givin' things away.

*Private Greens* (after a brief silence). Then I don't suppose ye saw Mrs. 'Ookey, neither?

*Private Willocks* (irritably). Course I didn't. I tell ye I saw none o' 'em. 'Ow could I see Mrs. 'Ookey, me bein' at Sa'sbury?



*Private Greens.* 'Ookey'll love yer. Wot abaht them messages 'e gives yer? "You give 'er them words exact," sez 'e, "or I'll show yer whether I'm a sergeant or not."

*Private Mule (with humorous intonation).* And 'e will.

*Corporal Jebb.* Willix not bein' a married man, 'e don't understand them things. Wot's on at the 'alls, anyway, Bert;

*Private Willocks (gloomily).* Didn't see no 'alls.

*Corporal Jebb.* My 'at. Pore beggar! Wot did ye do, then?

*Private Mule.* 'E goes out motorin' with Lady Eva, an' 'e says—

*Private Willocks.* You're askin' for trouble, you are. (*Impressively*) We 'ad Greeshyan dances.

[*The derisive and profane chorus is repeated.*]

*Private Willocks.* You can laugh if yer like. You don't know nothin'. Very pretty it was.

*Corporal Jebb.* Did the Countess do 'em, Bert?

*Private Willocks.* Not the Countess—she didn't. But the Lady Eva an' all 'er lot.

*Private Greens.* Rather see Mah-ree Lloyd meself. But there's no accountin'.

*Private Willocks.* An' there was a little kid come there. Only five she was. The 'Ighgate Wonder, they called 'er. She sang "Tipperary" dressed up in the Union Jack.

*Corporal Jebb (shuddering slightly).* Should ha' thought ye'd 'ave liked a change. Mule 'ere, 'e's about fed me up with "Tipperary." 'Adn't they nothin' new?

*Private Willocks (reminiscently).* There was garden parties. Tea an' eikes. All very well for them as 'as the gift for it, but I didn't seem to catch on to it proper some'ow. Kept

droppin' things abaht, I did.

*Corporal Jebb.* Did they do you well?

*Private Willocks.* Top 'ole and don't you make no mistake abaht that. Wot with myonise an' cave-ier an'—

*Private Greens.* 'Ere, stow it. We don't want that kind o' talk 'ere.

*Private Willocks.* All right, Cabbage; thought that might fetch yer. We 'ad music at the garden parties.

*Private Greens.* Wot kind o' music?

*Private Willocks.* 'Arps an'—an'—well, 'arps.

*Private Mule.* Jews' 'arps or Welsh 'arps, Bertie?

*Private Willocks.* You don't know nothin'. (*With some lack of conviction*) That was good music, that was.

*Private Greens (moodily returning to the charge).* But d'ye mean to say as yer didn't see no one at all? Wot a time! Wot did yer talk abaht?

*Private Willocks.* Oh, that was all right. They was thunderin' kind to talk to. There wasn't no manner o' difficulty there. Though o' course (*a shade regretfully*) it wasn't quite like bein' with our own lot.

*Private Greens (with disagreeable emphasis).* I should bloomin' well think not.

*Corporal Jebb (reaching out for his mouth-organ).* You there, it fair makes me sick to 'ear yer. 'Ere's these folks goes and puts themselves abaht to be kind to yer, doin' everything in 'uman power to give yer a good time, an' 'ere's you, and wot do you do? Grouse, grouse, grouse for yer low 'aunts an' yer old vulgar 'abits. Yer make me, tired. (*He begins to play with much feeling "The Swanee River."*)

*Private Greens (for the first time with genuine enthusiasm).* 'Ere's 'Ookey.

*Private Willocks (nervously).* Well, cheer-o, boys; I'll see you again.—*Exit.*

*Corporal Jebb (pausing in his melody).* Grouse, grouse, grouse! Low-minded,

that's what I calls yer. Not but what you was sayin'. But Willocks—e's there's some sense, Greens, in wot ungrateful.

Punch.

## AMERICA'S INTERNAL TROUBLES

We who know America intimately—not as mere visitors, but as residents of long standing and in many States—often despair of conveying to British readers the true attitude of the United States in this tremendous conflict. For preconceived ideas linger obstinately, even among intelligent observers. "I shall never forget," says Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., "the surprise and pain with which I discovered, on my first visit to America years ago, that the people of the United States are not British." Mr. Snowden would be still more pained if he could see the history-books of young America, with their pictures of "red-coats" running away with vengeful Yankee bayonets in their backs; or the vivid geographies, which show the relative size of nations by pasting Britain in a corner of the map of Texas. The plain truth is that America has no love for any of us Europeans—our institutions, ideals, jealousies, and castes. "We came over to escape kings," is the immigrant's plea; and so hateful is militarism to these people that the Song of the Pacifist is just now a national anthem, sympathy with the Allies notwithstanding.

There'd be no war today  
If mothers all would say  
"I didn't raise my son to be a soldier!"

Hence the "absolute neutrality" to which ex-Ambassador Joseph H. Choate tells us the greatest of neutrals is pledged. Poets like William Watson may rebuke America for not rushing to

defend her "noble mother," but the "craven daughter" is well content to be out of the fray, and by no means blind to the profit accruing, now and hereafter. The nation is, in fact, determined to resist any embroilment in what it regards as a purely European quarrel. "At least one Power should stay out of it," says that remarkable sociologist, Miss Jane Addams of Chicago. "We shall need a sheet-anchor for the steadying of Christendom after the conflict." Miss Addams may be called America's foremost "states-woman." "If she were a man," President Roosevelt declared, "I'd have her in my Cabinet." Mr. John Burns is another of her intellectual admirers. This lady was elected President of the International Congress of Women at The Hague, and I incline to accept her view as that of America in the mass—especially of America's women, who wield a political influence unknown over here.

"But," I shall be asked, "is this the America which in 1895 was on the very verge of war with us over the shadowy boundary of Venezuela?" No! I reply—not the same America at all, but a full-grown nation, greatly sobered, conscious of military weakness by land and sea, and so entirely averse from war that the murderous anarchy in Mexico, at its very door, has not been held to justify intervention. American citizens have there been murdered, or captured and held for ransom. The Stars and Stripes have been trodden under foot; American industries and

property worth hundreds of millions of dollars ruthlessly destroyed. But to all appeal from her nationals in Mexico, America has in effect replied that her fiat does not cross the Rio Grande.

Mexican dictators have flouted Washington—torn up treaties, ignored remonstrance, and insulted special envoys. Still the United States has held its hand, and the American people approved this policy. "Let 'em stew in their own juice," is the general verdict. "Wilson does well to keep the peace." My point is that, with bloody anarchy close at home and nineteen other republics looking on with cynical interest, America refused to intervene in the desperate triangular duel between Carranza, Zapata, and Villa, with its ever-growing rapine, pestilence, massacre, and starvation. The recent recognition of a successful tyrant is a mere lull in a storm of which no man can foresee the end. "While I am President," Dr. Wilson declared, "nobody shall interfere in Mexican affairs." This is the new America.

Speaking of Cleveland's policy in the Venezuela dispute, Professor W. A. Dunning, of Columbia University, says that it "announced to the world with seismic suddenness and shock that the American democracy was of age." It has learned a good deal since, however. Twenty years ago the United States would scarcely have negotiated over the *Lusitania* crime, and those which have succeeded it. Washington would never have been content with Notes, whether minatory or polite, with its demands ignored, its request for guarantees rejected. The old belligerency is dead; let there be no mistake about this, nor the causes of it. And however anxious and perplexed it may be, the American Government seeks the way of ultimate peace, well knowing that its people will have it so. Remember al-

ways that the Press of New York is not America's real voice; nor do the intellectual elite, like Dr. Eliot of Harvard, interpret the masses of a continent so huge and so aloof from European influence. By "America" I mean the Kansas farmer, the Nebraska stockman, the cotton-planters of Texas and Mississippi. "Keep out!" is the warning note of these. Not alone for material reasons, but also through idealism and sentiment. A nation which has for a hundred years succeeded in limiting armaments by agreement on a frontier of 3,000 miles cannot conceive why European Powers, who vaunt their superior culture, have not yet attained a like level of commonsense.

Secret diplomacy, competitive armaments, universal conscription, and dynastic drift—all these loom in the American mind as permanent pitfalls of mutual destruction, leading sooner or later to the present reckless venture—the "Weltmacht oder Niedergang"—"Empire or downfall"—upon which Germany has embarked. Sympathy may lie this way or that, but—"Keep out of the war at any cost!" A notable advocate of this spirit is Mr. W. R. Hearst, whose chain of widely read newspapers extends from New York to Chicago, and thence to the Pacific Slope. The influence of these papers is not to be discounted by contemptuous reference to the "Yellow Press." "Why should an American citizen," asks ex-State Secretary Bryan, "be permitted to involve his country in war by traveling in a belligerent ship which he knows must pass through a dangerous zone?" Millions of Americans support this protest, having a lively horror of foreign entanglements, even those so intimately bound up with their own national policy as Cuba, Hawaii, and the Philippines. America's shrink ing from war on principle is a sentiment which it is impos-

sible to over-emphasize. Speaking of the hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States, President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, says: "If differences of temperament, of ambition, and of interest such as these can be settled without armed conflict . . . surely there is no limit to what may be hoped for in the century to come." This is the true spirit of America.

And despite all appearances to the contrary; despite the severe tone of Dr. Wilson's Notes, the rattling of Mr. Roosevelt's sword, and the scathing strictures of leading newspapers, the American people of today shudder at the bare idea of war, and wish at all costs to avoid it. Unless this be borne in mind, the whole clue to the situation is lost. Lofty, if impractical, idealism, such as Mr. Bryan stands for; remoteness from Europe, the vast area of their country, great wealth, and an unprecedented mixture of races—these are some of the factors which make America dread being involved in this war, or even facing military preparation by land and sea, such as certain statesmen advocate. The nation contains at least ten million Germans, of whom two millions are males of military age. In all these the spirit of German nationalism flames disconcertingly, as recent revelations have shown. The Western cities alone contributed to the German-American war-chest the enormous sum of £12,000,000, divided as follows: Chicago, £6,000,000; St. Louis, £3,000,000; and Milwaukee, Denver, and San Francisco, £1,000,000 each.

The German-American Archbishops of Cincinnati and Milwaukee, and the Bishop of Toledo, Ohio, appealed to the Pope, urging the intervention of the Holy See to prevent the war spreading to America. Then the amaz-

ing revelations of the *World* newspaper show millions of Secret Service money lavished to stir up trouble in labor and political spheres. "Correspondence in our possession," says the *World*, "reveals unmistakably that leading officials of the German Government had a hand in ventures not alone against enemies, but also against the laws of the United States. The most surprising fact in this connection is that no less a personage than the Imperial Chancellor himself, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, actually participated from Berlin in these secret undertakings." An important feature of this daring program was an elaborate scheme to control and influence the American Press, finance lecturers, and publish books, "for the sole purpose of fomenting internal discord among American people for the advantage of the German Empire." Gradually the vast extent of the German propaganda dawned. Washington instructed Mr. Gerard, the U. S. Ambassador in Berlin, to inquire into the scandal of forged American passports found on German spies.

Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, charged German agitators with trying to prevent the shipment of munitions to the Allies. "Such efforts," Mr. Gompers promised, "will in future be watched, guarded against, ferreted out, and reported." A campaign of dynamite and threatening letters has already begun; and our own Embassy in Washington lodged a protest against the activity of German agents, both in the United States and in Canada. President Wilson himself is just now guarded night and day, for fear some fanatic might attempt his life, as Erich Munter did Mr. Pierpont Morgan's. The White House squad, under Superintendent Murphy, has enlisted extra guards, and Mr. Flynn, Chief of the Secret Service, is



taking extraordinary precautions for the protection of the President. Day and night the saloons and grounds of the Executive Mansion are patrolled, as also those of Dr. Wilson's summer home at Cornish, N. H. It is now realized that all the innumerable German social bodies are organized and directed to a definite political end—singing societies, bowling clubs, rifle associations, veteran unions, editorial meetings, Lutheran congregations, and gymnastic gatherings.

Today German-America seethes with "Nationalism," and the wealth and influence of the German are realized with something like dismay. For example, note the names of the "Film Kings"—Charles O. Baumann, Carl Laemmle, L. J. Selznick, Siegmund Lubin, Ad. Zukor, and R. Freuler. On the Stock Exchange, in business, banking, mining and politics the German element predominates. There is also a huge Italian element. No wonder Miss Jane Adams viewed with alarm the idea of

*The Outlook.*

America's joining the Allies as a belligerent. "Such a thing," declared America's foremost 'stateswoman,' would plunge America into civil war."

To such internal troubles as the constructional failure of the Panama Canal I can only refer in passing. Here is a matter of enormous moment which the world-war has eclipsed. The ever-present "color question," with its constitutional anomalies; the clash of interstate laws, the Japanese "invasion" of the Pacific Coast, and Congressional intrigue on behalf of oil and cotton interests—mere mention of these may convey some faint idea of Dr. Wilson's ordeal as pilot of the great neutral in the greatest of storms.

And, strangest of all, his Administration is preparing vast naval and military programs! If "Keep Out" is America's watchword, "Get Ready" is the policy of the State Department in Washington. The great peace may well find the United States a formidable military Power.

*Ignatius Phayre.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Heart of Gold" is the title of the third volume of the "Peace Greenfield" books by Ruth Alberta Brown. The story, however, is complete in itself. Peace Greenfield, an exceedingly vivacious and active little girl, has a fall which cripples her, it is feared, for life. She is a very human child and is reconciled to her fate only by degrees. Without becoming in the least prudish or saintly, she does, finally, learn to adapt herself to circumstances and makes happiness for other people as well. The book is brimful of bright sayings and good cheer. It is also written in good measure, being long enough to satisfy the most exacting of small

readers who can never learn too much about a favorite hero or heroine. Grown-up readers who remain children at heart will delight in the naturalness and humor of the story. The Saalfeld Publishing Company.

Frederick Palmer, selected by Lord Kitchener as the only American war correspondent to go to British Headquarters in France, and for a long time the only American correspondent permitted to visit the British lines, has recorded his experiences in "My Year of the Great War." The spirit of the book is enough to satisfy the most ardent of English sympathizers, and one must be

preternaturally neutral to maintain that attitude in the face of his contagious enthusiasm. At the beginning of the book a great deal is told about the French army, emphasizing the sturdy spirit of that nation which the world at large did not recognize before the war, and describing the fighting in Alsace and Lorraine. The author's experiences in the British trenches are told in a graphic, entertaining manner, and no matter how many other accounts of trench life one may have read, this one cannot be passed over. It is in his description of the English Navy, however, that the author makes the greatest impression, painting the fleet so vividly for his readers that one seems to have seen rather than read about it. Many books have been written about the war from every possible angle, but none by anyone with a greater capacity for getting into the very spirit of what he is observing than Frederick Palmer. His vigor, his fair-mindedness, and his power to express himself give whatever he wishes to say a unique interest and value. Dodd, Mead and Co.

"The Old Order Changeth," by Archibald Marshall, is a new and unusual treatment of an old and common theme,—the value of money. The story is English, but Armitage Brown, the self-made multi-millionaire, is almost typically American in his self-sufficiency and belief that money can buy anything. The book opens at the point in his career where he has climbed from poor man to rich, from socially unknown to socially well-known, money so far having purchased all that he desired. He begins unconsciously to chafe against the narrowness of mere money getting; he wishes to find pleasure in something else. For an enormous sum he buys an old landed

estate. In the contact thus brought about between the old order of the English country gentleman and the new-rich business man, Armitage Brown finds that while money is a wonderful power it will not buy what he wants nor what his children want, and that however hard he may try, the man who has spent his best years in amassing wealth can never learn how to play. The story closes with England's declaration of war, and the clear exposition of one of its wonderful effects, the leveling of all class, money, and social distinctions. "The Old Order Changeth," is a most interesting, well-thought out, well-written story, with a distinct charm of style. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Three Episodes in the life of Cesare Borgia are related in "The Banner of the Bull," by Rafael Sabatini, and striking episodes they are, each one showing the doughty Cesare, as brave, as ruthless and as vicious as popular opinion insists upon making him, in spite of somewhat hardy apologists of his family. Lucrezia was the first to be white-washed in spite of various operas and novels; then somebody discovered that Alexander Sixth was a Roman patriot slandered by certain cities and duchies, and especially the Republic of Venice, because he had shrewdly outwitted them in diplomacy. Then the beautiful story of Saint Francesco Borgia was carefully written by an able pen, but nevertheless infamy clung to the name, and "The Banner of the Bull" will heighten it. In the first episode "The Urbinian," Cesare measures his mind against that of Hermes Trismegistus, who pays for the pleasure of the test with his tongue and his right hand. The lovers of the story escape unharmed, because Cesare sees that it is for his interest that they should go unscathed. In "The Perugian," a

woman outwits him, and actually frightens him by a brilliant lie; in the third, he compasses the murder of the Venetian envoy by a wondrous bit of strategy carried out with the finest skill. In all, he is courteous and specious, and always does the unexpected. Setting aside the question of historical accuracy, those who love a thorough-going scoundrel in a novel will find him in "The Banner of the Bull," and they will re-read the author's earlier novels and seek his "Life" of Prince Cesare in order to learn how much of this latest volume is to be accepted seriously. J. B. Lippincott Co.

It is a whimsical fancy which furnishes the motive for Abbie Farwell Brown's "Kisington Town" (Houghton Mifflin Co.)—that of a fierce king, Red Rex, who is beguiled from the siege and contemplated destruction of a town by the stories which the boy Harold, commissioned for that purpose by the distressed townspeople, reads aloud to him. But the stories are prettily told and will divert the quite-young readers for whom they are intended, quite as effectually as if Red Kings were in fact made of such stuff as to be swerved from their sanguinary intentions by such simple strategy. There are five full-page illustrations, one of them in colors, from drawings by Ruby Winckler.

Everett T. Tomlinson, who has already told for boy readers not less than a dozen stories of the Revolution, all of them stirring tales yet based on historic fact, is now engaged upon a similar series relating to the Civil War. Beginning with "The Young Sharpshooter," followed by "The Young Sharpshooter of Antietam," he now, in the third volume of the series "Prison-

ers of War" carries his heroes through a succession of daring adventures within the enemy's lines, which end in a long imprisonment at Andersonville. Like its predecessors, the story is well told and full of exciting incidents; and boy readers who follow it will obtain a pretty clear idea of what occurred during the Civil War between Antietam and Appomattox. Mr. Tomlinson does not manufacture his incidents; they are veritable occurrences drawn from records of the period, but woven together in a story of absorbing interest. There are four illustrations from drawings by Harold J. Cue. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mrs. Florence Hobart Perin's "Sunlit Days" (Little, Brown & Co.) is a little volume of selections—a quotation and a prayer for each day in the year—intended for cheer and comfort, and well calculated to lift the thoughts of whoever may use it, for a moment at least, from the things seen to the things unseen. The range of selections is a wide one, but they are all in accord with the happily-chosen title.

"Don't Worry," Dr. George L. Walton, pegs along through another book fully as delightful and calls it "Peg Along." The general thesis is very much that of the former volume, and consists of a good natured sermon against fretting, anxiety, fear, martyrism, over-insistence ending with a parody of fussy women called "The Hypochondriacal Dredger." This last chapter is perhaps the most humorous in the book and the manner in which Fussy, the Dredger, takes up feminine worryings, asking at the start "Is my smoke-stack on straight?" ought to laugh peace right into the soul of more than one of the Doctor's women pa-

tients. The counsel given is always wise and sane, the author poking fun at himself fully as often as at the women he has badgered into health; but the real charm of the book lies in the rare literary touch of the skilled hand, a touch colloquial, almost slangy (quite slangy on more than one occasion) and the apt quotations scattered through the pages. Quotation is a rare art and the Doctor has few peers in it. J. B. Lippincott Co.

For a long time there has been a complaint among writers of plays that no adequate book of instructions was in existence. Several years ago Miss Fanny Cannon, a dramatic critic, published a series of articles on the subject which immediately commanded a wide reading. These she has now enlarged and gathered into a book with the title "Writing and Selling a Play." Miss Cannon's title flings her book before the mind's eye; for it is business-like from cover to cover. It is a textbook, a talk to the ignorant by an experienced teacher. Miss Cannon knows her subject and she hopes to drill the information she has gathered into the head of the pupil. Its simple earnestness and directness, as well as its essential clarity and wisdom, make this a notable volume. The author deals with the subject with thoroughness, taking up the author, the play itself, the parts of the play, the actor, the writing of the manuscript, the selling of the production. At the end she carefully analyzes one simple and direct drama, "The Nigger," and one subtle study of a soul, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Henry Holt & Co.

"The Later Life," is the second of the "Books of the Small Souls," written by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. It

continues the fortunes and development of the characters introduced in the first book, "Small Souls." In his ability to get directly at life itself, to create living human beings instead of puppets and figureheads, this Dutch writer ranks among the foremost novelists. The real climaxes of the book are those of the soul; events which have the outward semblance of great turning points are shown in their pettiness compared with the drama which is taking place in the inner life. With no apparent charm of style, with no call upon the sympathies, in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner, the book finally holds the reader as with an irresistible force, and makes the speedy appearance of the other two books which will complete the chronicles of these "small souls" seem absolutely imperative. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Steps Unto Heaven" are gently taken by the earnest Christian under the guidance of N. C. Carpenter and in the course of fourteen sermons. The topics are "Steps Unto Heaven," "Whose Son is He," "God and the Sinner," "The Home of the Soul," "The New Testament Gospel," "The Greater Works," "Risen or Stolen—Which?" "The Awakening Soul," "The Soul's Physician," "The Pre-eminence of Our Saviour," "The Way of God," "The Prodigal Son," "The Precious Name." The preacher declares in his preface his intention to emphasize his belief that "Every Christian ought to be a zealous student of the Word of God." By this he means that the student must know the text of the Scriptures, accept rather literally its exact statements, and must go for all argument on religious controversies only and always to The Word. Sherman, French & Co.